The World's Most "Cultured" Criminals . . By Waldemar Kaempffert

JUN 8 '44

THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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"SCHOOL AND CHURCH"
by Conrad Henry Moehlman
Reviewed by Horace M. Kallen

"FRONTIERS OF AMERICAN CULTURE"
by James Truslow Adams
Reviewed by Harold Fields

THE ILLITERACY OF EDUCATORS
(Strictly Personal)
by Philip Wylie

"AMERICA"
by Stephen Vincent Benét
Reviewed by Hal Borland

"GERMAN RADIO PROPAGANDA"
by Ernst Kris, Hans Speier, and Associates
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz

"Spring Flowers," from a cartoon by Burck in the Binghamton Sun. For a report on a book revealing how Germany has tried to "train" its subjects to take news such as the invasion in their stride, turn to page 15.

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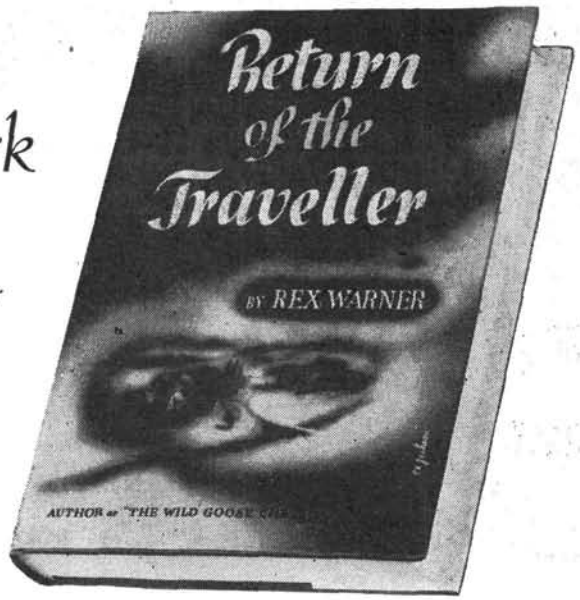

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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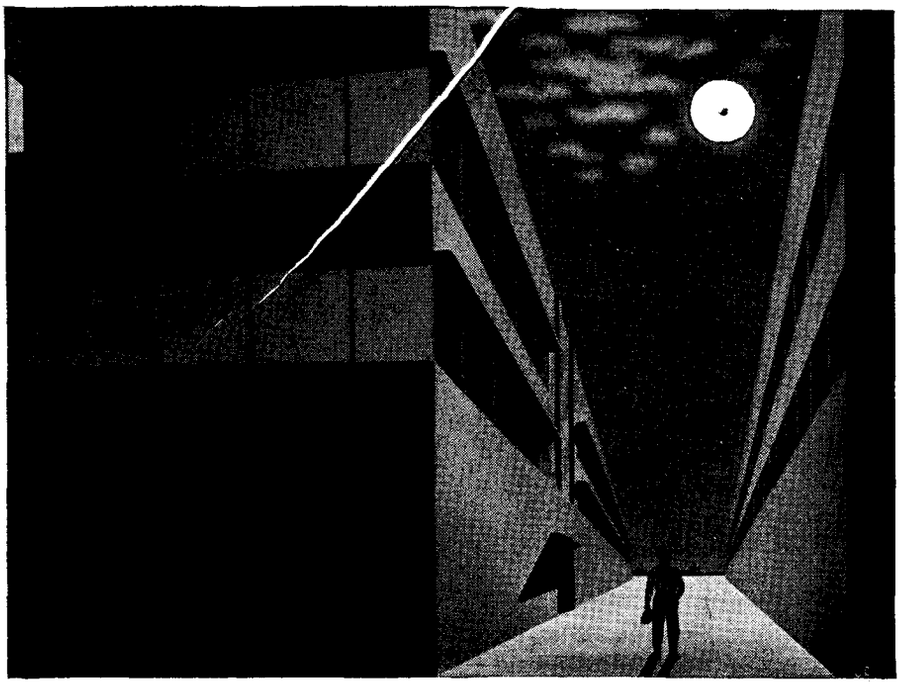

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The World's Most "Cultured" Criminals

Even the Experts Occasionally Fall for Bogus Products

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

IN 1937 Chairman Doughton of the House Ways and Means Committee introduced a bill which was intended to aid the Treasury Department in wringing more customs from importers of so-called antiques. The Treasury prepared a statement which was never published in the Committee's records and from which it appears that the total free importations of antiques in the twenty-eight years following the passage of the Morgan Act in 1906 reached the stupendous total of $640,665,302. After allowing $160,000,000 as the estimated value of the pictures and statuary entitled to free entry under the Act as antiques, the Treasury states that "the balance of nearly half a billion dollars should be considered in the light of a statement of a celebrated English authority, Mr. Herbert Cescinsky, to the effect that eighty per cent of all antiques sold in the English market are fakes." The Treasury adds that "Mr. Cescinsky's statement holds good for all foreign antiques." The late Dr. Wilhelm Bode put it more epigrammatically by remarking that Rembrandt in his lifetime painted 700 canvases of which 10,000 are in America.

Most of the antiques to which the Treasury referred came from Great Britain. Considering the population of the British Isles, the number of wealthy families and distinguished artists and craftsmen, and allowing for wear and tear, destruction, and fire, it is evident that not more than a tithe of the works admitted duty free could have been genuine. No country could ever have made and preserved objects of art worth half a billion.

THE temptations to which the fakers are subject are enough to explain the Treasury's concern. Twelve hairs of the great Nelson were once bought for $545. In happier days when there was no income tax to curb plutocratic extravagance a Philadelphia millionaire bought Rembrandt's "Mill" for a price said to have been $500,000. The late Henry Huntington paid $50,000 for a Gutenberg Bible that had belonged to Robert Hoe. The widow of Franz Lenbach sold two portraits by Titian for $60,000. At Sotheby's in London £15,100 was once paid for a copy of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and almost as much for the manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland." Sotheby's was also the scene of the astounding sale of the Britwell Court Library which spread over ten years and brought in £660,000, and of the protracted scattering of the manuscripts collected by Sir Thomas Phillipps—a dispersal which began in 1891 and is probably not yet completed. No doubt all these curiosa and works of art are genuine. But the prices speak for themselves—prices that have perverted scholarship and corrupted artistic ability.

The demand for first editions is in itself enough to arouse the cupidity of the smooth purveyor of literary goldbricks. A few years ago John Carter and Graham Dollard did some detective work which ended in a repudiation of fifty-five "first editions" of the Victorian period. In these were included works by Matthew Arnold, Algernon Charles Swinburne, William Morris, Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, and Lord Tennyson. The usual procedure was to take a long poem, essay, or story out of a true first edition, issue the excerpt in pamphlet form in paper covers with a new title and an earlier date. The true first edition then became a second edition. There was no protest from authors who were still alive. William Morris was so forgetful that he not only accepted a fabricated "first edition" of his own work, but actually inscribed a copy which he presented to a friend. In the case of a "first edition" of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which sold for $1,250, Carter and Dollard found that the chemical paper of some pages was not known in 1847, the alleged date of publication, and that some of the type had not been cast until after 1880. Who was the forger? Carter and Dollard never found out.

—From the drawing by Daumier.
"L'Amateur d'Estampes."

TO unload bogus productions of this kind required less audacity than might be supposed. The usual procedure was to pass off a fake edition on some literary man of importance. Sir Edmund Gosse and Thomas J. Wise were shining marks. Who was to dispute the word of two eminent literary lights? Libraries fell into line. When the truth came out did their administrators blush? On the contrary they rejoiced. Roland Baughman has written: "The Huntington Library is the fortunate possessor of fifty-four of the fifty-five questioned books. The word fortunate is used designedly, for what they had lost in status is compensated for, at least in part, by their added interest as documentary evidence of a great bibliographical hoax."

This warped view is nothing new in the history of cultural crime. Albrecht Dürer once sued an Italian who rejoiced in the antique name of Marc Antonio for having counterfeited some Dürer engravings and palmed them off as originals. Now the Marc Antonio forgeries are so valuable that there are forgeries of the forgeries. The Romans knew how to play this game. It was their practice to mint silver pieces with bronze cores for circulation among barbarian provincials who were supposed to be very innocent. The barbarians retaliated by filing notches or teeth around the edges of the coins to test their homogeneity. Thereupon the mint issued coins with notched edges as before. And now there are forgeries of these base *serrati* which

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are supposed to have been issued by a respectable ancient government.

Even the greatest artists were not above counterfeiting. Michelangelo made a little money as a boy by burying a statue that he had made himself and that he sold as an antique. The younger David Teniers made it part of his business to fake Titians, and another counterfeiter kept the memory of Jan van Huysum green for a generation. It is not likely that all three portraits of Pope Julius II by Raphael are originals.

NOT even living artists escape the cunning of the fakers. At the port of New York no fewer than 27,000 pictures by Corot were entered while he was still on earth—more than he could have painted in a century had he worked twenty-four hours a day. T. Sidney Cooper, the landscape painter, repudiated 255 pictures attributed to him. The late eminently honest Jacques Seligman of Paris, who was indeed an expert and a respectable dealer, made a collection of such frauds, old and new, hoping thereby to serve a useful educational purpose. But the dealers protested. Part of his collection of counterfeits is now in Cooper Union, New York.

It is not the master faker who pockets the proceeds of artistic crime. Too often he works for a mere pittance. It is his suave, polished employer to whom the profits go, a Fagin if ever there was one. When the facts come out at all it is usually in a suit brought by some artist who has not been paid.

Typical is the case of Bastianini, a poverty-stricken pupil of Torrini's, who began by copying old fireplaces and passed on to busts of Renaissance noblewomen and a flat relief of the Holy Family so good that it was ascribed to Verocchio and sold to a great museum. Giuseppe Freppa, a Florentine antiquary, saw possibilities in such gifts and decided to exploit them. On behalf of the Louvre Count Nieuwerkerque paid 13,600 gold francs for a bust which Bastianini made of Benvieni, a sixteenth-century Florentine poet, and which created a sensation in Paris. Nieuwerkerque flanked the bust with works by Michelangelo and Cellini in the Louvre. When the rumor started that the bust was a fake, Nieuwerkerque offered 15,000 francs to anyone who could duplicate it. Bastianini came forward. He never won the money, but he did prove that his model had been an Italian factory hand, Giuseppe Bonajuti. Bastianini woke up when he learned what connoisseurs thought of him. A "contemporaneous" bust which he had made of Savanorola was so fine that Sir Frederick Leighton hung a photograph of it over his bed, "like a sacred image." Paul Dubois, a sculptor who had been director of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, declared that he could not understand how a nineteenth-century artist could so completely immerse himself in the feeling of the Renaissance. Yet Freppa paid Bastianini only fifty lire for the bust that had so captivated Count Nieuwerkerque.

In our own day we have Alceo Dossena who, like Bastianini, was milked by dealers. In 1938 he sued one of his employers for back payments. Out of the suit came the revelation that his "Athena" had been purchased by the Cleveland Museum for $120,000, that a fifteenth-century tomb of his was attributed to Mino da Fiesole and acquired by the Boston Museum, and that an "archaic Greek statue" by him had passed into the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. All had been made since the last war, and all exhibited the patina of centuries and the mutilations of time. The evidence at the trial exonerated Dossena. He had no intention of perpetrating frauds and did not benefit by them. Though his works brought about $3,000,000 he lived and worked in modest circumstances. His recompense was a salary of $1,300 a year intermittently paid by two art dealers. He was told simply to produce works in the Siennese and Pisan styles for churches, and he never knew that his marbles were highly prized until he read about them in the newspapers. The fate of his masterpieces is enough to make one marvel at the relation of beauty to price. In 1933 thirty-nine of his discredited works, which had once brought staggering sums, were knocked down at the National Art Galleries in New York for $9,125.

Dossena had trained himself for his calling. Originally a restorer of art works and old monuments, he taught himself to match woods, canvasses, pigments, and terra cotta and to treat his restorations chemically so that the new work matched the old. Also he learned the techniques of the old masters. After his discharge from the Italian Army in the last war he was penniless and jobless. Capitalizing on his experience, he turned to creative art and naturally worked in the style of past centuries. But the modernistic mode was economically too much for him. There was nothing for it but to carry out commissions for dealers. Unintentionally he deceived the experts. And now the experts dismiss him as a mere technician.

Somewhat similar is the case of Rouchomowski who lacked Dossena's intelligence and taste but whose skill amounted to virtuosity. His story is wrapped up in that of Schapschelle Hochmann, a Russian dealer who appeared in February, 1896, in Vienna with a superb collection of antique jewelry which included a magnificent ceremonial tiara, or crown, of beaten gold, bearing an inscription to the effect that it was given to the Scythian King, Saitarphanes, by the Greek colony of Olbia in the year 200 B. C. to win favor and protection. Failing to dispose of his collection in Vienna Hochmann dispatched agents to Paris. Encouraged by an approving report submitted by a committee of experts the Louvre bought the tiara for 200,000 gold francs.

A MONTMARTRE artist with too highly developed a sense of humor told the world that he was the creator of the tiara. He lied, but his lie was enough to arouse the press. Caran d'Ache made the incident the butt of his jokes, and Caran d'Ache commanded as much attention in his day as David Low does in ours. During the uproar, Lifschitz, a jeweler of the Quartier des Archives, published a letter in which he declared that he had seen the tiara in the process of production in Odessa. A daily paper telegraphed Odessa for confirmation and not only got it but uncovered Rouchomowski. Brought on to Paris, Rouchomowski was turned over to Professor Clermont-Ganneau by the Senate. Locked up in a room with tools and a few pieces of gold, Rouchomowski produced a fraction of the tiara from memory and told all—or nearly all. He had been given drawings, books, and fragments of old jewelry to copy by a man whose identity he would not reveal. Paris put two fingers to its mouth and whistled long and derisively. For a few months Rouchomowski was a lion. Then Paris promptly forgot him and the tiara which was immediately removed from the Louvre to the Luxembourg as if it were of minor artistic importance.

A worthy rival of Hochmann, or whoever it was that employed Rouchomowski, was Schapira who submitted to the British Museum a document for

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which he asked £1,000,000. The price was not immodest for a document that purported to be nothing less than an archaic Moabite Pentateuch which included a highly variant version of the Ten Commandments. The British Museum bought the document, probably for less than £1,000,000. When Clermont-Ganneau proved that this Pentateuch and the Ten Commandments were frauds written on the margins of old Syrian synagogue rolls there was a trial. Schapira later committed suicide.

TO unload a bogus production after the manner of Hochmann and Schapira demands a knowledge of the limitations of experts. Even the authorities are occasionally so gullible that it is easier to fool them than to cash a forged check at the bank on which it is drawn. One of these gullibles who was no expert in manuscripts but enjoyed so high a reputation as a mathematician that he was elected a member of the Académie des Sciences was Michel Chasles. Vrain-Lucas duped him with letters that Pascal was supposed to have written to Newton—letters which, if genuine, made it clear that Pascal and not Newton was the true discoverer of the laws of gravitation. As a mathematician Chasles was naturally interested. He bought not only the Pascal-Newton correspondence but much more. All told, Vrain-Lucas forged no fewer than 27,000 letters supposed to have been written by such historical personages as Abélard, Alcuin, Alexander the Great, Attila, Julius Caesar, Cervantes, Cicero, Cleopatra, Galileo, Herod, Joan of Arc, Judas Iscariot, Pontius Pilate, and Vercingetorix. Chasles bought the lot in the course of nine years for 140,000 gold francs. His eyes were opened when it was shown that the Pascal letters were written when Newton was only ten years old. Vrain-Lucas was tried, fined, and made to serve a two-year sentence. Not having learned his lesson, he engaged in more forgeries that brought another sentence of three years.

Schapira and Vrain-Lucas were following a path that leads back to the Middle Ages and even to ancient times. Philo of Byblos, a literary light of the first century A. D., created a person whom he called Sanchonianthon, allegedly a Phoenician, a strawman who was quoted to give a history of Phoenicia an air of authority. At a time when the temporal power of the Pope was not fully conceded some pious churchman forged decretals (papal opinions on doctrine and ecclesiastical law) which indicated that the Emperor Constantine, in gratitude for his conversion to Christianity, had indeed granted everything to Rome. In the fifteenth century Annius, a monk of Viterbo, so successfully fabricated the Berosi Antiquitatum Libri Quinque, that they were accepted for generations as the work of Berosus, a priest of Babylon in the reign of Antiochus Soter (281-261 B. C.). Equally successful was the Croyland History, a chronicle of the fourteenth century printed at Seville in 1506 and attributed to the secretary of William the Conqueror, a certain Ingulf, abbot of Croyland, who died in 1109. Better known is the "Voiage of Sir John Maudeville" which is still quoted as an authentic account of a knight's travels in strange countries. Jean d'Outremeuse was the fabricator in this case—a writer of histories and fables who drew on Willian Boldensele and Friar Odoric of Perderone and the "Speculum" of Vincent de Beauvais. It took an enormous amount of textual criticism to dig out the truth. And yet "Sir John's" strange tales of the fountain of youth, ant-like hills of gold dust, and men whose heads grew in their chests should have been enough to raise eyebrows centuries before.

—*From the drawing by Adolph Menzel.*

IT may be that Jean d'Outremeuse was no faker in the strict legal sense. From time immemorial poets and storytellers have written in archaic styles and even palmed off their works as those of the men whom they imitated. It is hard to draw the line. When Fritz Kreisler wrote a "Praeludium and Allegro" which he attributed to Pugnani, an eighteen-century violinist and composer, and which was accepted as such for years, he was simply playing a musical prank, and no one thinks anything the less of him for it. Poe's Balloon Hoax was a journalistic *tour de force*. How much of Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year" and "Memoirs of a Cavalier" is pure imagination and how much fact the literary authorities have never decided, and both works properly go down in the history of English literature as examples of a special type. Even raillery can be taken seriously as H. L. Mencken found out after he published his "History of the American Bathtub," an opus which has been solemnly quoted as authoritative by historians. What would literature be without its Till Eulenspiegels? The critics ought to take such pranks goodnaturedly instead of bursting with indignation at having been tricked. In the end the imaginary history or autobiography stands or falls on its own literary merits, which was what happened to Joan Lowell's "Cradle of the Deep" after its inconsistencies and absurdities had engendered as vitriolic a discussion as this generation has ever seen.

Most old memoirs and autobiographies are suspect. The man never breathed who dared to expose himself naked to the world, with all his moral warts. Even blacklegs shrink when they promise to reveal all. In his autobiography Cellini did not hesitate to trace his descent from Aeneas and Dido or to tell with a straight face that as a boy he had been boxed on the ears, not to punish him, but to impress him with the fact that his father had pointed out to him a salamander in the fire. When Cellini explained the theft of a jewel that he was to set he covered himself with a thick varnish of probity. Casanova of the scabrous memoirs was just as squeamish. Though he boldly confessed his incestuous relation with a daughter, and left nothing unsaid about his love-life and his deception of the Duchesse d'Urfé, he concealed some of his minor business swindles in Paris

(*Please turn to page* 23)

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S. V. B.'s Story of America

AMERICA. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 122 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

THIS little book, simply titled "America," was one of the last things Stephen Vincent Benét wrote. It wasn't intended as a testament, but if he had written one it probably would have been something like this. For here is the America that Steve Benét knew and loved and believed in; here is the story that he had been telling for years, one way and another.

He wrote this book because the Office of War Information asked him for a short interpretive history of the United States which could be translated into many languages and distributed abroad. The result, as we have it here, is less than forty thousand words, good American words which convey the flavor of his thought and his material remarkably well. Perhaps some of that flavor would be lost in translation, but the simple directness should carry over into any language. And the ideas will never be lost.

It is a book of ideas, not of dates or statistics. After all, America itself is an idea which men so firmly believed in that they made it work. The geography happened to help, and no doubt it molded and gave form to the idea. But it was men and women who made, and still make, America.

Steve Benét starts with this idea as it was given life by the people of Jamestown and Plymouth. "Ordinary men—stocking weavers, wool combers, quiet fathers of families—could get together and decide how to run their own affairs, without the help of a charter or a royal order or a set of instructions from a company. They could, and they did, and the memory stayed in men's minds."

He follows the idea through the great, early migrations, shows how many people from many lands contributed to it, how thirteen colonies grew, each different from the others, yet all with considerable practice in self-government and all with a growing love of individual freedom. He follows it through the Revolution, through the critical formative years of national organization, through the expansion to the Pacific.

It is, he shows, a continuing idea, of human equality, of the right of self-government and self-determination. It sprang from the minds of restless men, it fed on the self-reliance demanded by a new country and its frontier, it came to maturity in a new nation devoted to the rights of mankind. It was tested, tempered, and given enduring strength in a bitter civil war.

After the Civil War came the era of great industrial expansion, of exploitation of resources, of millionaires made by mines and railroads. A gaudy period, a half century of wealth-gathering. It was a period of excess in some directions—the American idea of hard work and profits gone a little mad; yet it gave America its great industrial plant and, as Benét points out, "the average standard of American living rose to a point not previously attained in the world's history. The average middle-class American lived better, ate better, had more things, and had more freedom of opportunity than most men anywhere." He points out, too, that "from 1860 to 1930, thirty-two million aliens came to the United States—and were absorbed into the American system. . . . We will not claim that all had equal chances or the best of chances . . . but we will claim this—for we can—that to each new stock, the way of freedom was open. . . . And they are part of our flesh and bone today."

Then came the war with Spain and our journey in the direction of imperialism. And here Benét points out that we freed Cuba, provided for Philippine independence and are fighting for that independence today, gave citizenship to the Puerto Ricans, made Hawaii a territory and did the same with Alaska. We have not annexed Mexico to increase our "living-room," nor have we forced Central America into a "co-prosperity sphere." We pulled off a trick to get the Panama Canal Zone; we have paid for it and admit today that it was not quite a clean deal. But on the whole our record will stand scrutiny and rate very high when compared to that of the Axis, if one cares so to compare it.

—*SRL Drawing by Woerner*
S. V. B.

We went into World War I because of a deliberate challenge by the German Imperial Government. We helped win the war. "Small and selfish men," as Mr. Benét says, "defeated America's participation in the League." And out of the weary and confused years which followed came the present war.

What are we fighting for now? Mr. Benét puts it this way:

> The United States does not want world empire. It does not want subject peoples. It does not want to be a master race. All these ideas are utterly and completely opposed to the American idea, the American way of life, and the history and development of the American people. It does not want an inch of ground in continental Europe. It does not intend to expand its own direct rule anywhere in the Western Hemisphere. It does not wish to exercise economic dominance over any other nation, anywhere. Pending the establishment of a true world peace, it must keep and maintain such air bases as are vital to its national defense and national security. But its aims in so doing will be peace—and not a peace of the dead, but a peace of the living—not the peace of a jail, but the peace of a world of free men. It believes in the dignity and the worth of man, it believes in the building of the great house of mankind.

He quotes the Atlantic Charter—it "is not a Ten Commandments or a final pronouncement. But it shows clearly enough that coöperation among nations, not conquest of other nations, is the goal of the United States"; and he cites the Four Freedoms.

And he sums up thus:

> That is what we are after, that is what our flag means. It means freedom and it means hope. It means a good neighbor, not a master. It means men making their own destinies and running their own government. It means peaceful men who can fight with God's own wrath in them when their country is assailed. It means a nation and a people who believe in man and man's future and the free world that man can make.

That's the kind of history Steve Benét wrote when he sat down to tell the world about his America. Oh, yes, he told about inequalities of wealth and the fact that not every American is well-housed or well-fed. But he could say, too, that these things are not here to stay; "we hope and trust in a future greater than our past."

And he says this about Americans, which might be read with profit by the advocates of uniformity, of ready-made security, of plans which would pigeonhole everybody and impose blueprints on everything:

> Americans are not particularly happy sitting still—they would rath-

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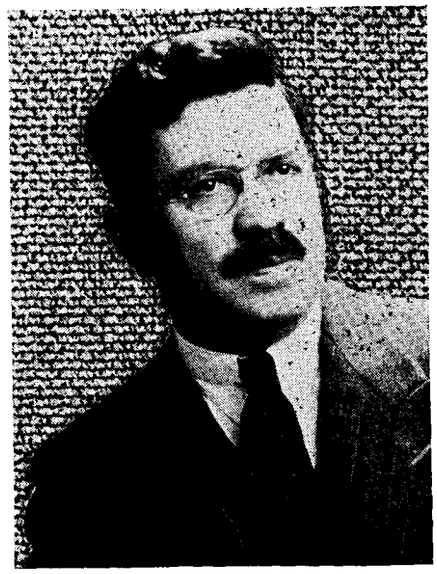
er be doing something, even if it is the wrong thing to do at the time. They would rather build something in the wrong place, at great trouble, and then have to tear it down again, once more at great trouble, than not build at all. They have had contemplative philosophers, but they are not, on the whole, a contemplative people. They want to act and do. They want to get something done in a hurry and turn to the next thing. It is only when nothing gets done that they are really miserable. That is what really depressed them about the last Depression; for the first time in American history, nothing seemed to be going ahead. And always, they look to the future to repay them for any mistakes of the past. . . . They are fluid, not fixed, and always willing to learn and try. If they were suddenly given a complete gold-plated Earthly Paradise they would at once set about trying to improve it.

Steve Benét wrote this book to tell the rest of the world about America. It would be a good thing if Americans read it to understand more about themselves. It would be a particularly good thing if American high school students read it instead of—or at least along with—some of the history text books they now have placed in front of them. Give them half a chance, and they will read it; it's that kind of book.



John D. Robins

Intriguing Whiffs of Thoreau

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLERS. By John D. Robins. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1944. 229 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS book has disappointed the reviewer in a wholly charming manner. The title for some reason had led him to expect and fear one more sticky and factitious piece of field-and-stream preciosity. This anxiety proved to be wholly groundless. Mr. Robins has written a delightful, in fact fascinating, account of a two-weeks' passage through the great Algonquin Provincial Park in Ontario. It cannot be read without genuine pleasure and real envy. Mr. Robins isn't Thoreau or Gilbert White, but there are whiffs that make you think of them throughout the book. One has only to consider his description of the lopsided awkwardness of a startled porcupine. At once we have the pleasant sense we have found a writer who sees a great deal and knows how to get it on paper and thence into the imagination of his reader.

Half a lifetime ago Stewart Edward White wrote an entertaining essay on the eternal tenderfoot, the man who after long years in the Western mountains still cannot throw a diamond hitch and invariably forgets to hobble his pack beasts at nightfall. The reviewer confesses to deep and natural sympathy with the subject of that essay. And he is delighted to discover in Mr. Robins one who shares the feeling and expatiates upon it. Also he is happy to report that Mr. Robins has in his bones that rarely expressed, deeply felt, and resentful contempt for the expert, which is proper to the genuine amateur. When your artist with the fly rod kills his five-pounder, it is no more than was to be expected. But when the unhandy and the unpractised overcome in some blessed hour the difficulties of a complex technique, low-hanging branches, blackflies, and the defects of their own natures, there is something to talk about, some reason for self-applause.

The book is the saga of the duffer—the man whose cast doesn't know what his backcast does. It relates with admirable tact and humor all the splendors and miseries of the duffer, who by main strength and awkwardness, by guess and by God, down white slopes of water and over three-mile carries works his mysterious way through the wild. Mr. Robins and his friend, also an accomplished duffer, have nearly all the classic misadventures. They break both paddles (though it is worse to break the axe-helve, which the reviewer has done.) They get caught in a gale raging down the long axis of a narrow lake and have to paddle the length of it, for it would be madness to get into the trough in the effort to reach safety a hundred yards away. How the reviewer's heart leaped at that! Their matches are in the box of commerce instead of the watertight canister of the esoteric and have to be dried in a hot sun and agony of spirit after disaster in a rapid. At times they put off the human, becoming mere subjects of suffering, bruised, sprained, their heads bloody with blackfly bites and precious near to being bowed. On the long carries they wonder what madness possessed them to invite what they endure. But they have their reward, for they see moose, pine marten, and bear, study the squirrel's system of land tenure, and catch too many trout, which common decency compels them to consume against their better judgment and requirements of appetite.

The record of the commonplaces of river and trail is anything but commonplace. There are few better accounts of what goes on in the stream of consciousness of men who must carry unaccustomed weights for fabulous distances. Never have I seen such an exposition of the anguish of the bow man in a canoe, obsessed perpetually by fears that have no name concerning invisible rocks in long pitches of swift water. The whole state of mind of men who desire and find the pleasure of the wilderness is admirably hit off, without recourse to the banal sentimentalities of the "nature-lover," who generally makes you sick with his pecksniffian endeavors to "unscrew the inscrutable." Mr. Robins is much too intelligent and direct to blunder into such ineptitudes. And the reviewer is personally grateful to an accomplished writer, who in this sad time has made him remember Lake Caukmogomoc black as pitch under a hard squall, a canoe whipping past the big rock of the Devil's Elbow, slow toil up a white Maine "horse race," and panic terror of a big strike in the shadowy narrows of "Jack's Run."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 50

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 50 *will be found in the next issue.*

DGKQFQCK: P BLHADKQM GLACDB, EQKZ WDDCLXRLCZ PBT KLLKZ P-MZPKKLA, KAOQBW ZPAT KD VL VAPSL.

—LRVLAK ZHVVPAT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 49

HYMNS DEVOUT AND HOLY PSALMS SINGING EVERLASTINGLY.

—JOHN MILTON.

—AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

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Towards a Harmonious Difference

SCHOOL AND CHURCH: THE AMERICAN WAY. By Conrad Henry Moehlman. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 178 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HORACE M. KALLEN

IN the year 1781 "a Foreigner of distinction" addressed to Thomas Jefferson some twenty-three questions regarding his native state. Jefferson's answers to these questions compose his "Notes on Virginia." First published anonymously, it was later translated into French, into German, and reprinted many times in the United States and in England. The seventeenth question concerned "the different religions received into the State." Jefferson made his answer the occasion for expounding the philosophy of what has become the distinctive American way with church and state, and—consequently—with school. Constraint of conscience, the author of the Declaration of Independence wrote, may make a man worse

> by making him a hypocrite, but it will never make him a truer man. Reason and free inquiry are the only effectual agents against error. Give a loose to them, they will support the true religion by bringing every false one to their tribunal, to the test of their investigation. They are the natural enemies of error and of error only. . . . It is error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself.

Uniformity is not desirable. "Difference of opinion is advantageous to religion. The several sects perform the office of a *censor morum* over each other." Uniformity is not attainable: "Millions of innocent men, women, and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burned, tortured, fined, imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch toward uniformity. What has been the effect of coercion? To make one half the world fools, the other half hypocrites. To support roguery and error all over the earth. . . ." The earth's thousand million with their 999 other religions cannot be coerced into accepting our thousandth, which we hold to be alone the true one. They can perhaps be persuaded by reason and led by free inquiry. If, however, we ask others to use reason and free inquiry, we must not ourselves reject them.

> "But every state," says an inquisitor, "has established some religion." No two, say I, have established the same. Is this a proof of the infallibility of establishments? Our sister states, Pennsylvania and New York, however, have long subsisted without any establishment at all. The experiment was new and doubtful when they made it. It has answered beyond conception. They flourish infinitely. Religion is well-supported; of various kinds, indeed, but all good enough; all sufficient to preserve peace and order; or if a sect arise whose tenets would subvert morals, good sense has fair play, and reasons and laughs it out of doors, without suffering the State to be troubled with it. They do not hang more malefactors than we do. They are not disturbed with any religious dissensions. On the contrary, their harmony is unparalleled, and can be ascribed to nothing but their unbounded tolerance, because there is no other circumstance in which they differ from every nation on earth. They have made the happy discovery that the way to silence religious disputes is to take no notice of them.

Reading "School and Church: the American Way" brought these words of Jefferson's sharply to mind. It came to me that between what Jefferson then argued and Moehlman now expounds there was organic continuity; that, if the contexts are as different as the passage of time can make them, the issues are the same. So I looked up Jefferson's remarks and quote a portion of them here as stating the essence of a conflict whose history this book sums up.

In free societies the conflict has been, since the Reformation, a chronic conflict which events periodically render acute. Since from Plato's day it has been a commonplace among the knowing that whoever controls education determines the form and purpose of the social structure, the critical center of the conflict is usually the school. Americans are just now experiencing an acute moment of the chronic conflict. The Great Depression, the Nazis, World War II, with all their sequelae and reverberations, have anew given the denominational interests of the land a base from which to push their claims upon the nation's schools. Inasmuch as, under the law, "religion" may not be a subject of public school instruction, but is left to the private disposition of parents and churches, the schools are declared to be "godless," breeders of delinquency, the *fons et origo* of all the troubles that agitate the national being. One denominational hierarch even denounced them in a book as "national enemy number one." Spokesmen of the larger of the two hundred and fifty odd sects and cults—Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian, and the like—are sure beyond any doubt that the nation's character would be much improved if "religion" were once again "a part of the basic curriculum of the public school," or at least if the nation's children were regularly "released" into the custody of their churchly claimants for instruction in their several denominational "truths."

Conrad Henry Moehlman

Their demand has received substantial support in different sections of the country—support ranging from the enactment of statutes commanding "released time" to such favoring of denominational instruction as the University of Iowa furnishes. Teachers, generally, fear the consequences of concessions to the integrity of the schools. Parents, and the general public, are confused. Uninformed or misinformed about the basic realities of the issue, they have been alarmed by propagandists and tend either to favor the claims of the clerics or to concede them by default. Only such groups as the Illinois Council of the Friends of Public Schools or the Public Education Association of New York endeavor to inform themselves of the truth by means of free inquiry and to judge the issues on the basis of reason.

Dr. Moehlman's book brings this situation into the light of history. It makes alive again the struggle for free thought and free conscience of whose precarious victory the public schools are today's most signal evidence. It reveals the living identity of the present struggle for their autonomy with all those which have gone before. It shows how, during the period that its author calls "the American Protestant Age," the school was a department of the church; education was dominated by the clergy; teachers had to submit to religious tests at the hands of ministers; how instruction was static, authoritarian, and conformed to the exclusive dogma

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of the several sovereign and embattled sects. Then no sect would and no sect could concede that the Bible should be taught by anybody not of its own doctrine. Catholics could not endure Protestant teachers of religion, nor Protestants Catholic. Each sect therefore had to maintain its own school system and its own parochial sovereign ties. Each resented being charged with the cost of any other. Jefferson's School Bill took cognizance of the conflict and undertook to protect Virginia's public schools from its animosities: "No religious reading, instruction or exercise, shall be prescribed or practised, inconsistent with the tenets of any religious sect or denomination."

Conforming to the intent of the First Amendment to the Federal Constitution, this idea became a precedent which, in the course of time, all the states of the Union honorably followed, often against bitter churchly resistance. Horace Mann, trying to define a religious subject-matter which no sect could object to, was accused by the then secretary of the American Sunday School Union of conspiring to indoctrinate the schools with his own Unitarian faith. Catholics denounced the non-sectarian public school as "protestant," "godless," "insidious and unfair to Catholics," "fatal to morals," "atheistical," "pits of destruction," and continue in this tenor to this day.

Meanwhile as free public education grew in range and competency, it verified again and again an observation which James Madison had made during the Constitutional Convention. "In a free government," he had noted, "the security must be the same as that for religious rights; it consists in the one case in a multiplicity of interests and in the other in a multiplicity of sects." Here the safety of liberty, like the safety of celibacy, lies in numbers. And the nation's schools verified this observation. "The campus of the public school," writes Dr. Moehlman, "is the one area in American life where religious and racial tolerance is cultivated. It is America's protection against numerous efforts to stir up religious prejudice and inaugurate a new inquisition." The essence of the protection consists in exactly the secularization misrepresented and denounced by its critics. According to De Toqueville, it went with a greater, not a lesser, Christian piety; according to James Bryce, it went with a higher degree of veracity and a warmer, more cohesive family life than the clerically-dominated school systems of Europe. According to H. G. Wells, it is the nation's mightiest convertive instrument, uniting the diversified and divided miscellany of the world who are the citizens of our United States into one people with one national faith.

This faith, declares Dr. Moehlman, is democracy, democracy both as a doctrine and as a discipline. And the aspiration to democracy, it might be added, defines the American way of life, where the power of the state rests on the consent of the governed; where it is separate not only from the dogmas and demands of each and every sect and cult, but also from those of every other organization of interest, so that it may assure to the liberties of each and all the equal protection of the laws. The nation is a union of a multitude of interests, with special privileges for none and with equal liberty for all to achieve whatever greatness they are capable of, not through favor, nor invidious advantage, but in fair competition to do the same job better than their rivals. The foremost task of democratic government is to check unfair competition, to cut off invidious advantage, to prevent the trespass of interests upon one another, and thus to keep open the roadways of equal opportunity for all.

This is, in fact, what the "secularization" of the nation's schools means. It means the teaching of democracy as a method and a goal in all matters. Far from being irreligious, democracy is the religion of religions, the guarantee of the equal liberty of each to live and to grow by merit and not by favor, without fear of hate or hurt from any. But when churchly interests denounce the schools as being "without religion," they mean as being without their own particular exclusive sectarian conception of religion. They do not mean without the competitors' conceptions. So they endeavor to shut each other out and cut each other off. In an amusing and very telling chapter: "Can the Bible Return to the Classroom?" Dr. Moehlman exposes the predicament in which sectarian differences would place the most devout and reverent teacher of the Bible in a public school. Any non-sectarian whole in which the sects might be associated and reconciled to one another in teaching the Bible would again be "secular." It would be "Higher Criticism." It would be the treatment of the Bible as literature, and its sectist interpretations as events in the history of religions studied by the methods and with the tools of the relevant sciences.

But this exactly is what the sects will not have. They want dogma, not knowledge; indoctrination, not understanding. And because they do not get what they want, they denounce the schools as sources of evil. Baptist Dr. Moehlman makes clear why their denunciations must be classified as revelation, not as the wisdom which results from free inquiry and the use of reason.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

IMPERATIVE REMARKS BY CHARACTERS IN POETRY

Quoted below are commands uttered by characters in twenty well-known poems. Can you identify each character as well as the poem and the poet who wrote it? Allowing 5 points for each complete answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 26.

1. And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
   Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite.
2. Be off or I'll kick you downstairs!
3. Come, dear children, let us away;
   Down and away below.
4. Come hither, come hither, my little daughter,
   And do not tremble so.
5. Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score.
6. Go, your lover lives! Curfew shall not ring tonight!
7. Grow old along with me!
8. Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may.
9. Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!
10. Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!
11. Now don't you go till I come.
12. Now tell us all about the war, and what they fought each other for.
13. On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!
14. Sail on! sail on! and on!
15. Say, Father, say, if yet my work be done!
16. Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, but spare your country's flag!
17. This beggar maid shall be my queen!
18. Wait for me by moonlight.
19. We charge you: yield, in Queen Victoria's name!
20. Write me as one who loves his fellow men.

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Strictly Personal . . .

THE ILLITERACY OF EDUCATORS

A RECENT survey by *The New York Times* tended to show that education leaves a mere remnant of itself in the average mind. Pedagogues raged briefly over the indictment and are now undoubtedly trying to immure it in silence. Only one of their miffed multitudes made a reasoned response; he said that the professors themselves could not have passed *The Times* tests. His protest, however, was intended as a criticism of *The Times,* not as an impeachment of himself and his colleagues. But it was; for *The Times* had taken its questions out of textbooks. They were not unfair, unless it is unfair to expect people to recall what they have spent years in studying.

That impotence of academic reaction set me to wondering about the condition of textbooks today. So I made a survey of hundreds and I have come to the conclusion that the book paper shortage can be solved in the textbook department. About three quarters of the works scrutinized by me were incorrect, silly, precious, pallid, incompetent, or incomprehensible, and many of them contained all those fatal flaws.

Indeed, after exposure to the basic material of contemporary learning, I was better able to understand how it happens that diplomats, politicians, and tycoons (all of them educated men) can utter such gruesome nonsense and blunder whole continents into war. These textbooks, which we are printing in annual new thousands, for the most part furnish the grounds of ignorance and a platform for self-assured folly.

A good textbook is priceless and there are some. A bad one—and there are libraries-full—is not just an innocent vanity of Professor Smith; it is a carrier of mental infection. So long as students are compelled to digest its contents they are in danger of chronic diseases of the mind. Such diseases have an extensive range. Textbooks that are turgid merely spread a sensible aversion to study. Texts that are superficial deprive the student of truth; he is graduated with mental scurvy, pellegra, or rickets. Texts that are actually incorrect make him an unknowing liar who mistakenly considers himself to be educated and is likely to demand that others accept the rubbish in which he believes. For he has been given to think that his hard-won education filled him with knowledge, and he has no previous data from which to criticize his courses; if he had, he would not need the courses.

Unfortunately, the writing of most of these books is done by illiterates. Their criteria of readability are lower than those of the pulp magazines. Writing is a skilled profession, open to few, and it demands wisdom, which is the subjective counterpart of information. The textbooks through which I have thumbed show no orientation of the author; they are, for the most part, diffuse and preposterously specialized. Dozens are models of bad usage, grammatical error, and grotesque sentence structure; as compositions, they would not be given passing grades in a junior high school. The fatuity and pretentiousness of some is of the order of magnitude of tabloid editorials. And most of them, I am certain, represent less an effort to teach than an effort to impress a particular group of miniature-minded co-specialists.

Here, for example, is a book about "general psychology." On its first page, however, the author states that he will examine psychology solely from the social and genetic standpoints; next, he emits a short derisive snort at individual psychology. Thus the student whose "general psychology" is learned from this book will be ignorant of James, Freud, Jung, et al. Possibly he will grow up to share his teacher's opinion that an entire branch of science is not worth knowing about. Who's wrong—the intellectual snob, or the two generations of accredited pioneers?

The following sentence commences a chapter in a book for normal school students: "The teacher's most important professional duties involve directing the pupils' activities in the classroom, on the playground, in the assemblies, and in other phases of school life." I wish space allowed me here to print examples from that book and a hundred more, of such earnest, idiot statements of the altogether obvious. The somewhat new and conceivably useful content of the normal school book could be boiled down to ten pages, and that is true of perhaps half of all the books I examined. They are "expansions"—blow-ups of learned trifling, endless writing around a Lilliputian topic.

—From "The Farthest Corner."

HERE, again, is a massive opus on the history of Latin America. Nine hundred pages. To such subjects as the literature and the arts of colonial Latin America the author gives exactly the same space as to an inter-American ladies' friendship organization in Miami, Florida, which cements continental relations with shopping services and the like! This volume has a bibliography that is a book in itself, and among the author's erudite sources are to be found Duguid's "Green Hell" and "Tiger-man." It also contains a table of estimated membership in the fascist falange in all countries *excepting* Argentina, Chile, Brazil, and a couple of others. Do not ask me why.

Here, next, is a long, absurd chapter on, "The Felicity of Infelix"; infelix, it proves, is a Latin professor's discovery of a long unidentified figure of speech in Roman poems. And here's a book on domestic economics which says that, "Muncipal government is really just housekeeping on a big scale for the most part."

Enough. They are fair samples; the extremes are caricatures.

These books—these trainloads of wasted paper—form the bulk of the stuff with which we are instructing our young people: the slavery of cerebral midgets, garrulous grinds, piffle-pedants, who excel only in courses which they themselves have invented. Not instruments of knowledge but examples of exhibition contrived to gain academic prestige, degree, promotion, or salary increase. The mere number of publications is significant in the standards of many ivy-hung universities. That aspect of textbook composition reduces much of education to the level of irresponsible competition in, say, the advertising business.

But the end of infamy is not yet. Many publishers, in order to maintain the sales of their various useful titles, find themselves virtually forced to print annotated telephone books and thousand-page galaxies of gibberish: their authors, by and large, select the annual titles and the quantities to be purchased next year, and next, and forever. So the textbook business is founded upon that venerable set of

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principles, bribery and blackmail. It is a mammoth racket—books molded with prejudice, darkened by omission, and bearded with bibliography—useful production besleeted and overduned with material that millions of our children will have to read: books compounded of petty erudition and ambitious vacuum, of obscurantism and illiteracy—books sold under duress. If you think I exaggerate—read a few.

For our incessant, global crises the educator-authors blame the stubborn human animal, the machine, football, Russia, conservatism—everything except themselves. They are unassailable—men apart. That schizoid notion has reached a zenith which would be comic if its results were not so ruinous. We should save ourselves from them.

Somebody besides pedagogues and children should read the books and review them from the fresh horizon of sanity. All textbook manuscripts should be given a literacy test. They should be compared with fact and rejected if they are specious or irrelevant. The publication of doctorate theses should be greatly curtailed. Better still, textbooks should be brought out anonymously: it is what they say, not who wrote them, that matters. Then, maybe, textbooks would occasionally become best sellers. Why not?

Many publishers, of course, are struggling like Laocoön with the serpent of pseudo-learning. But they are all in the hands of eminent racketeers, cap and gown Capones. The hopeful side of the picture is to be found neither in the trade nor in the academy but, oddly enough, in the Army. Here the efficacy of teaching factual subjects by the motion picture and screen animation has so formidably proven itself that a lucky knell is sounding even now over the mouthings of a ten thousand of physicists, historians, chemists, economists, sociologists, geographers, geologists, and the rest. PHILIP WYLIE.

"Strictly Personal" next week will be a portrait of Dorothy Thompson by Dale Warren.

Adult Education as an American Force

FRONTIERS OF AMERICAN CULTURE. By James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 364 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

THE genesis of this volume is interesting. The American Association for Adult Education wanted to have the story of adult education written by someone who would not be steeped in educational shibboleths or in technical developments. The man to write it, they maintained, should be a layman and an historian; therefore who else but James Truslow Adams? The idea was inspiring and the selection worthy of applause; the result is an analysis that is unquestionably refreshing. For Mr. Adams has produced a study of adult education in which he has laid great emphasis on the fact that, because America has been a growing nation, its people have had to learn how to adjust themselves through constant education and re-education.

This volume has taken adult education out of its own context and stressed its ancestry and development; for over 140 pages, the author presents an over-long introduction to the growth of adult education in the United States. In essence, the book constitutes an extension of the "Epic of America." However, the treatment of so vital a subject must be set in the climate of its present aspects and problems, rather than through an emphasis on history. Adult education is not something tangential to our lives; it is an inherent part of daily experiences and challenges. As Mr. Adams states, it has frequently had its beginnings in selfish interests (*cf.* the Rotary Clubs, Steel Institutes, Americanization classes for the foreign-born), and has emerged into patterns of broad, cultural weaves. At a time when leisure is made appealing for most people by movies, sports, travel (we'll have to forget the war for the moment), books, and community experiments, adult education assumes a major importance. Not long ago, a life of retirement was frequently synonymous with the stupefying effect of inertia; today, it means earlier withdrawal from compulsory tasks and richer satisfaction found in leisure hours. Whether it takes the form of a blueprint for the fuller enjoyment of our vocational and cultural environment, or a plan for readjustment that will race those coming out of the framework of the war, adult education is a current force in our daily and national life that, if properly directed, will stir our communities and personal lives into pleasurable action, and result in richer living.

In short, our measure of the value of adult education is its ability to develop the power of thinking, or rationalizing, of evaluating as distinct from that of solely furnishing information; such an analysis is necessary if any evaluation and account of adult education is to be helpful. Laymen and educators alike know that our schools have been imparting education to pupils: the measure of its value lies in determining how far we have inculcated these pupils with the spirit to use and extend the education so imparted. We know that forums have been set up for people who have an evening or afternoon free: their worth lies in observing how many discussion groups have been formed as a result of them. We know that people go to museums: how many recurrent visits have been made or study groups been formed? Lectures are regularly given: in what form is their aftermath registered—in the formation of reading groups or the formation of groups of "Let's-have-a-cocktail-before-we-go-home" groups?

These are proper criteria for evaluating adult education in any study, in terms of which Mr. Adams's book should be read. By its very essence, adult education is constantly in a state of flux and metamorphosis. I find myself applauding the author when he writes, "My conception of education is almost as broad as that of life itself. I do not, for example, stow *cultural* and *vocational* education in separate packing cases. . . . In fact, what is cultural for one person may be vocational for another. . . ." So simple a truism must be revived because specialists so often forget it. And when he says, "A boy who in June got his A.B. and in September started on a year, or three years, of graduate work in preparation for a career is hardly an example of adult education, but women of thirty to (let's not say what) who left their household duties and routine to go out and learn something more than they already knew about literature, music, art, or even cooking and gardening, *were* practising adult education," I feel like jumping up and shouting "Bully!" because there Mr. Adams has placed his finger on the nub of adult education; it is

James Truslow Adams

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not found in statistics telling how many go to colleges or read newspapers but rather how many aren't afraid of the word "education"—and want to be educated, regardless of the inconvenience involved.

Mr. Adams develops the thesis that adult education is a study in American democracy in an interesting and convincing manner. He recognizes the impact of gregariousness on education—that most persons prefer to work in groups, rather than singly. He has laid proper emphasis on the "un-degreed" forms of adult education. He has tied up adult education, as a necessitous requirement for a basis for an intelligent and permanent divorce from totalitarian concepts, with a sound, post-war program for civilians, veterans, and unemployed. He has summed up the problem well when he states that, "Education should enable (one) to lead a more satisfying life, should assist the growth of his personality, prepare him for intelligent citizenship, and make him feel that he is a person and not a slave."

In all of this, Mr. Adams has made a significant contribution, the more so because it has been put in the setting of America's growth and development. But in too few pages he has listed the current contributions being made to adult education, and their shortcomings. He dwells upon the libraries that encourage reading with a purpose but that offer no service to over one-third of our population; the museums that

Minch on a Dry Fly

BY LEONARD BACON

I WAS brought up on thought of mighty men,
Great masters of the art, ever to be honored,
Hewitt, La Branche. I have talked face to face
With Greenslet where the Kennebago turns
Gold, scarlet, purple, at September's end.
But I cannot dart the fly ninety feet out
From a wall of pine, as they can, with no room
For the wavelike backcast, nor make it fall precise
Lightly as a darning needle. I lack the skill
The wisdom, patience, and the trick of the wrist.
Yet this I ask you: Who of that trinity
Has taken his minch where under Atra Kor
The Stran drives bellowing down to the Lost Sea.

Shall I forget that morning? Aldoné
The guide had bowed toward Meccah, a continent off,
Beyond the range where Gezar Khan rides thundering.
Aldoné has not seen Meccah, but he prayed,
Muttering in corrupted Arabic the strange words
He did not understand, for one must say them.
Or how should any fish rise? He looked at the sky,
Hot hammered-silver mare's tails, smelt the air
Warm, delicate, that as the old poet said,
Had yet within it "like a blade in a sheath
Mountain breath steely," and looked satisfied.

Down the steep face of the gigantic gorge
We went, hanging on by rhododendron boughs
Full of the motor drone of Kira bees.
Then out on sliding talus. I was grateful
For Aldoné's dark hand that helped me up
A dozen times when rocks slipped underfoot.
Sweating we came to the predestined pool
Where the cataract over the lip a hundred feet
Hurled into water "black as infamy."
And looking down I saw a circle huge
That made the dark pool live. Aldoné's teeth
Gleamed as he murmured "Meencha," meaning Minch,
His one approach to English. But it meant much.

It took an hour to get me down or around
The steep foot of the cliff. And I was winded
And scraped and bruised, before we could step out
On the lava shingle, gleaming like oiled black skin
From the eternal moisture of the fall.
We halted panting. Ten yards away rolled up
Monstrosity. Silver hump and dragon-toothed fin,
More like a fantastic weapon than a fin,
Thrust a foot out of water, ere easily
Playful, the thing went down into his dark
Obsidian deep. "Meencha," said Aldoné.

How many flies I shifted I forget.
There were swirls at a Silver Doctor, but all short.
One came inquiring to MacDougall's Killer,
Tied in the image of the Kira bee,
And, insolent, nosed it away, as a connoisseur
Might wave a waiter off who brings a wine
Not the right Montrachet. Then they ignored
Whatever I had to give. I thought of days
Spent casting till the arm seemed to break off
At the elbow, when despair came on the Cains
For all New Brunswick's pied autumnal state.
And memories returned of great defeats
When the steelhead mocked me in the Klamath pools,
Or blank hours under laurel on the Queen's.
How far from those tame streams to Atra Kor
And the cataract barrage all down the Stran!

Weary we sat to eat. I watched the spike
Of the bright peak in the dark pool's still half-
Reflected. There might not have been a fish
In all the living water of the world,
For anything I saw. Then all at once
One leaped, three rolled. "Meencha" said Aldoné
And plucked at his turban. From a fold he drew
A monstrous dry fly. Jungle cock, maribou
And, haply, roc and phoenix mingled plumes
In that confection, well beyond what dream
Ever revealed to Hewitt or La Branche.
Greenslet would have died rather than cast that hank
Huge as a humming-bird. Timidly Aldoné
As one who fears he takes a liberty,
Gave it for inspection, greased it with mucilin,
And tied it on the leader with a knot
That would sicken Hewitt, then blessed both knot and fly,
Turning eastward, doubtless, to inform the Prophet.

I cast. The thing fell with a solid plop,
As if a frog dived back into the pool.
Round it joggled in the swirl. And the great minch struck
With a shock that paralyzed the brain of the world.
Never speak of salmon! "Meencha" said Aldoné
As we beached that bulk of platinum after four hours,
With the red sunset pillar of Atra Kor
Incarnadining the dark gleam of the pool.
Triumph is only triumph. To whence he came,
The black depth, we gave back the shining captive.
The huge fins flickered. The great gills opened and shut.
He poised bewildered, turned flashing, and with one sweep
Of the big tail was as if he never had been.

To the Greeks all this foolishness. But once
Unknown to Greenslet, Hewitt, or La Branche,
The silver minch in a pool of the thundering Stran
Boiled up and struck the dry fly—in a dream.

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develop good taste but have few programs encouraging recurrent visits; the extension and correspondence courses that are frequently *un mariage de convenance* rather than an answer to a well directed plan; the public forums that cover many areas but frequently end with the individual session; the Americanization movement that he summarizes well in, "What faced America was not teaching a certain part of our foreign population to read and speak English, but how to teach all Americans, how to readjust their lives."

On the other hand, he suddenly speeds up his train and rushes through such areas as the press, the movies, the radio, the churches, the settlement houses, parent-teacher groups, agricultural and rural programs, etc. at so dizzying a pace, that no proper picture emerges. (Only one paragraph is devoted to the radio despite the fascinating challenge implied in reasons for the popularity of quiz programs, why so many listen to the opera and symphony broadcasts, which millions tune in on highbrow discussions, etc.) It is not necessary to summarize all references that the book contains; the index is complete. If only Mr. Adams had directed his thesis along better arranged or proportionate lines (as he himself says, "What has all this reminiscing got to do with Adult Education?" or "What I am driving at in this chapter . . . may seem somewhat jumbled"), leaving out extended developments of frequently unnecessary factors (such as fear of the resultants of Federal aid), and devoted more space to the layman's and historian's evaluation of current forms of adult education, this volume would have been an even more welcome addition to the "Five Foot Shelf" inaugurated by the American Association for Adult Education. Mr. Adams has shown us what he could have done, as he did in discussing women in adult education, workers' education, etc.; had he devoted more time and thought to an evaluation and fuller description of adult education, rather than seek to write another chapter in his "Epic of America," the book would be richer in value.

It's Mr. Adams's breezy style (like: ". . . when certain prospectors in the educational hills saw 'gold in them thar examination papers and diplomas' trouble began"), his recognition of the practical distinctions and problems in the program, his keen insight into the birth (Caesarean and natural) of forms of adult education, his sound treatment of inadequacies in adult education in early American history, and his general appraisal of present forms of the program, that make the book interesting reading.

The Goebbels Ether Factory

GERMAN RADIO PROPAGANDA. By Ernst Kris, Hans Speier, and Associates. New York: Oxford University Press. 1944. 529 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THE Nazi propaganda machine is under the microscope of experts who analyze German broadcasts beamed to the outside world. From the study of the practice and the theories of the enemy radio, used as a psychological weapon, we learn how to counteract the Nazi campaign of confusion and distortion.

But German home broadcasts, until now, remained something of a mystery—certainly so far as the American public was concerned. Now the layman will find in this book a comprehensive account of what the Germans have been told about the war by Herr Goebbels. The effect is almost as though the reader of "German Radio Propaganda" became an eavesdropper of secret conversations between the Nazi leaders and the German people.

A more valuable effect is that he receives a much clearer picture of the Nazi mind and the changing morale in Germany than he might receive from broadcasts that are beamed to this country.

There are many facts which may startle the layman in Goebbels's home broadcasts. Contrary to general impression, German listeners have very seldom been deceived about the progress or retreat of their armies. Only the Battle of Britain was described to them as a great victory of the Luftwaffe. As long as the Germans advanced in Russia the successes of the army were exaggerated though stickers on the map of a German radio listener showed the real frontline. When the Soviets drove the invaders back, the German defeat was minimized but here, too, the true position of the armies was not withheld. German claims in naval warfare were often false as the Berlin propagandists knew that their figures could hardly be checked.

—*Nashville Banner.*

"Goering . . . Goering . . . Gone!"

The arrangement of the material by the authors could have been more fortunate. The first part of the book contains a discussion of the fight of the German Propaganda ministry for credibility. The second part describes the images which Nazi propaganda tried to create of the Nazi leaders, of the German soldier, and of the British, Russian, and American enemy. Stalin's name is hardly mentioned over the German radio. (The authors say: "Hitler does not seem to feel any resentment against the Russian leader, who does not come from the upper classes." This reviewer thinks Hitler has very rarely vilified Stalin because he was and is still hoping for a negotiated peace with this man while he realizes that Britain or the United States would never sign a separate peace as long as Churchill and Roosevelt are in office.) The third part of the book discusses the course of the war, Goebbels's devices for bolstering German morale and for creating hope and fear. This manner of presentation is often confusing because in many points it leads to repetition. Perhaps it would have been more appropriate first to discuss the various phases of the war revealing at the same time the routine and technique of Nazi propaganda. A second part of the book might have summarized the findings of the authors.

However, "German Radio Propaganda" is a remarkable achievement and a highly useful report on a subject the importance of which can be judged by the ideas prevalent among the German soldiers in U. S. prison camps. The authors of the book, Ernst Kris and Hans Speier, in association with five collaborators, are very modest in their statement that "such information on the indoctrination of the Germans may soon be only of historic interest." The material analyzed by them—collected by the monitoring service of the B.B.C.—is a unique contribution to the understanding of the German mind today and in times to come.

BUY BONDS
TO SPEED VICTORY

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
BOARD OF EDITORS
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Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman } *Associate Editors*
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Harrison Smith
President
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THE POLL TAX

TWO children are born in different parts of the same national territory; they draw their first breath as members of the same political organization; but the one first opens his eyes in a Fifth Avenue palace, the other in the hut of a Negro or of a sandhiller in Georgia. Nature, or Providence, or God, as we may choose to call it, has started them in very different and very unequal circumstances.

But the law knows nothing of this. If it were right to make any difference, it should be in favor of the weaker. The principle, however, to be universal, must be unbending. Nothing which the law requires, nothing which the law permits, to prevent the one from attaining to any political position for which his natural powers, in their unhindered exercise, may qualify him, nothing to prevent the other from losing any such position for which the want of such natural powers, or the abuse of them, may disqualify him. This is political equality. But in the land of Fourth of July orations, the assertion of such political equality has been, and is yet, a world-insulting lie.

Our society is very flexible and fluctuating until we come down to a plane where all is stagnant as the marsh, or as rigid as the grave. Here are no living waters. Here is no flow at all. Beneath this there is no true political life. The icebergs of aristocracy may melt; they are constantly melting; but caste can undergo no change of form until the mould into which it has been fixed by law or prejudice is utterly broken in pieces. Such caste has existed, still exists, among us in its worst form. There is one class among us, as fixed by the present order of our institutions, *that can never* rise. The shackles have been removed from their limbs but they are yet kept in their prison-house; the iron doors have not yet been thrown open. In other words, *ownership* has been abolished, but slavery, political slavery, still exists.

Now, for such a caste, the very flexibility that exists in all above them becomes the cause of the greater depression and the greater hopelessness. They are worse off than they would be among the aristocracies of Europe. The greater crowding, the wider cry for rights, the deeper fluctuations of social life, that are ever surging above their hopeless level, only make it a condition of deeper outlawry and degradation. They are mute spectators of a strife that only drives them still lower down; for there can be no standstill here; that which cannot rise must sink. It is thus that servitude and caste demand an aristocracy to make them the more endurable. It would be better for these outcasts to have immediately above them the old plantation society than the meaner elements that our social upheavings may bring in its place. Better for the colliers of England the rule of the baron and the squire, than the contempt of that snobbish middle-class whose supposed dignity demands the depression, rather than the elevation, of those who may seem barely inferior to themselves in the social scale. And so among ourselves, we believe that no fact is better established than that degree of this mean Negro hatred among us is in exact proportion to the low social value of those who most strongly entertain it. On this account, it would be far better for the colored man, if he is to remain a political outcast, to be the dependent of his former master (who may, in some sense, be said to give him a representation in the state) than to be the defenseless scoff and victim of the "mean white," or the mercenary Yankee, or the Negro-hating, Negro-burning Celt.

Better, too, for the state. If the colored man is not to vote, and to vote soon, on the *same conditions that are attached to other men's voting,* better for the nation that he had continued in a humanely regulated servitude. "Voting is not a natural right," it is often said, with an air of logical triumph, as though it settled this great matter of suffrage without further argument. It does not touch it. The question involved in this dogmatic assertion may be the subject of discussion by itself. But here the proposition may be admitted. There is a sense in which it is true. No man, white or black, has *a natural right* to vote (the state may demand conditions—a wise state *should* demand conditions); but every man, as a man, born a member of the state, has a natural right to become a voter by the unhindered attainment of the qualifications prescribed, and then the unhindered exercise of the franchise thus conditioned.

This is inherent in the idea of political equality. It comes from the simple fact of a living membership in a living organic body. Without this it is hard to recognize the one to whom it is denied as a member of the state at all. He is either a chattel, and, as such, beneath the knowledge of the law, or he is an alien, wholly outside of its jurisdiction, though seeming territorially to lie within it. There is no middle ground to which we can give the name of citizenship, or membership, that does not involve this ultimate quality in the possible attaining by any one man of whatever is possible or attainable for any other member of an organic whole. It inheres in the very idea of our common political life. How can a man be a sharer of this without some mode of representation or participation? Deprived of it, he must be regarded as something cast loose—by itself—out of social harmony—like a foreign substance having no chemical affinities with the system in which he is placed.

Now, if there be that analogy, which all experience shows there is, between physical and political organisms, such a state of things must produce great mischief. This loose matter must be expelled, or it must be, in some way, incorporated. Human beings thus *in* the state, yet not *of* the state, present a political anomaly. In this uncombined, inorganic condition, they can be, to the body politic, only a source of irritating pain or of dangerous malignant disease. Thus the colored man, in his former servile relation, may be said to have had, politically, an organic place; he had a representation in the state; he voted, too, strange as the assertion may appear; he was a power in Congress. Now that he is cut off from all civil and social relations, he is in danger of becoming a floating pest, having less affinity, and more morbific, than the noxious entozoa that infest the animal system. He cannot be supposed to remain in this unnatural position. He will breed a greater pestilence than the old one from which we think ourselves delivered. What *shall* be done with him? To this question there is only one answer: Make a man of him.

To drop all metaphor, we must either drive him out to the society of the beasts, or we must elevate him—permit him, rather, to elevate himself—to a true manhood, with the possible attainment of all that belongs to membership in the *one* common humanity.

The above editorial was originally published on July 20, 1865, in The Nation, *then three weeks old. The title is our own.*

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Same Thesaurus

SIR: Look on the 8th page (including the cover) of the May 20th issue of the *Publishers' Weekly* and bow your heads in sorrow that your excellent editorial of some weeks ago has had but little effect. The Putnam Co. now advertises "authoritative acclaim" for the "Thesaurus of the Arts."

Please accept thanks for your thorough and annihilating review and editorial on the "Thesaurus." Some of us claim to be working for better critical judgment and it is gratifying to see you take the lead, and discouraging to note the results.

SIDNEY B. SMITH,
Reference Librarian.
Union College,
Schenectady, N. Y.

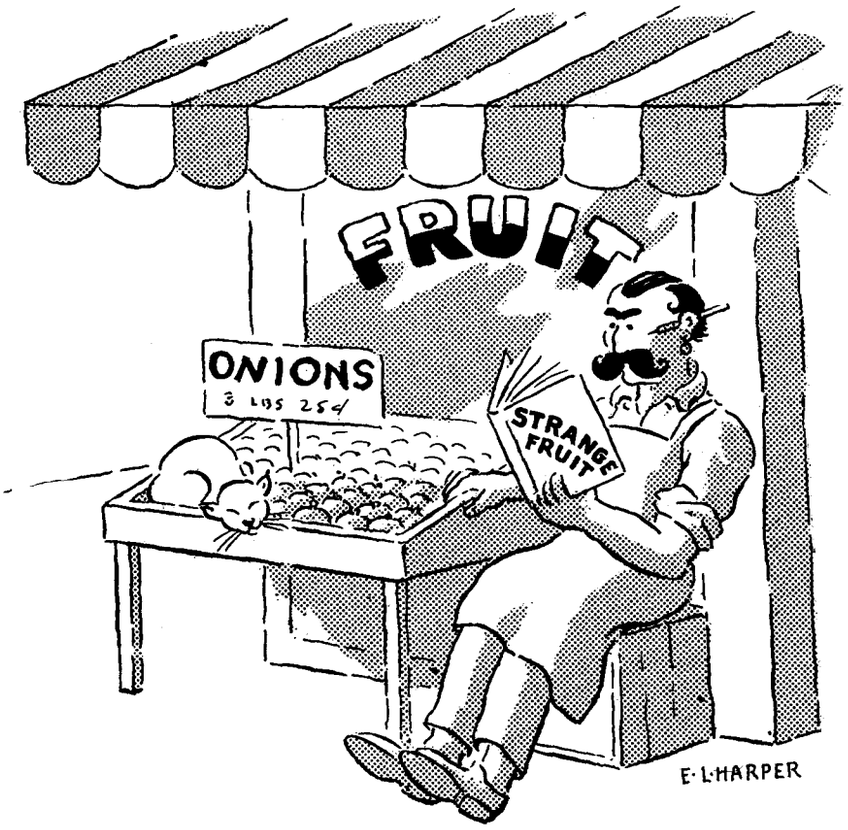
A Letter From the Solicitor of The Post Office Department

SIR: The postmaster at New York, New York has sent me your letter of May 15 with respect to the book "Strange Fruit." I note you characterize the action of this office as actuated by the "whim or prejudice" of some official. You ask certain questions, some of which have been answered by subsequent events, and you state, "so that our readers may know at first hand Section 598 of the Postal Laws and Regulations, we are publishing a transcript of the aforesaid section on our editorial page."

Perhaps your readers might be interested in a few facts about the so-called postal obscenity statute and the procedure for handling questions arising thereunder in this office, which, judging from the statements in your letter, may also be of interest to you.

The statute (Section 211 of the U. S. Criminal Code; 18 U. S. Code 334; Section 598, Postal Laws and Regulations) as enacted in its original form on June 8, 1872 (17 Stat. 302) provided that the matter condemned therein should not "be carried in the mails." It also prescribed a penalty for its violation.

The law was broadened on March 3, 1873 (17 Stat. 599) and again on July 12, 1876 (19 Stat. 90) when it was amended to provide that the matters condemned therein "are hereby declared to be nonmailable matter, and shall not be conveyed in the mails, nor delivered from any post office nor by any letter carrier." On September 26, 1888, the statute was again amended (25 Stat. 496) and on March 4, 1909 (35 Stat. 1129) it was further broadened by the insertion of the words "and every filthy," which according to the Supreme Court of the United States in U. S. v. Limehouse, 285 U. S. 383, added a new class of nonmailable matter. The Act of March 4, 1911 (36 Stat. 1339) added the last



sentence of the statute, which, by defining the term "indecent," provided a fifth class of nonmailable matter condemned by the statute, namely "matter of a character tending to incite arson, murder, or assassination."

You will note that the statute provides two courses of action. First, it directs that matter condemned therein shall not be carried in the mails, and second, it provides a penalty for depositing the matter in the mails. The courts have long held that the first course imposes an administrative duty upon this Department to exclude from the mails matter condemned by the statute.

Since its original enactment the first step in the procedure for administering the nonmailability provision of the statute has rested with postmasters. Shortly after it was originally enacted it became necessary, in the interest of uniformity of administration, to set up some central supervising authority to pass upon doubtful cases. For many years this duty was performed by bureaus in the Post Office Department at Washington, the personnel of which had no legal training. As the court decisions interpreting the various provisions of the statute multiplied, it became necessary to charge the chief law officer of this Department with the duty of instructing postmasters in doubtful cases. This has been one of the duties of this office for almost half a century.

Section 602 of the Postal Laws and Regulations, which has been carried in the Regulations substantially in its present form since the 1902 edition, directs postmasters in doubtful cases arising under the statute, to submit *a sample* of the matter to this office for advice as to its mailability. For some time now whenever a postmaster is instructed to treat matter as nonmailable under the statute, he is directed to advise the mailer that he may appear here in person or by counsel within fifteen days to discuss the ruling. This course was followed in the case of the book to which you refer. If the mailer or publisher desires more time in which to appear he is given such time as he may require. Should the mailer fail to appear the postmaster is required by Section 725 of the Postal Laws and Regulations to hold the matter a further ten days before transmitting it to the Dead Letter Office for disposition. Thus it will be seen that the mailer has a minimum of twenty-five days in which to apply to the Federal court for an order enjoining this Department from refusing to accept the matter for mailing.

Adverting again to the statute itself may I point out that it makes nonmailable five classes of matter, namely, (1) "obscene, lewd, or lascivious" matter "of an indecent character"; (2) "filthy" matter; (3) "every article or thing designed, adapted, or intended for preventing conception";

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(4) "or producing abortion," and (5) "matter of a character tending to incite arson, murder, or assassination."

In examining matter submitted here by postmasters for advice as to its mailability under the statute, this office is guided by the decisions of the Federal courts interpreting the provisions of the statute. I can assure you that "whim" or "prejudice" plays no part in these decisions. As I have pointed out the action of this office is subject to review by the Federal courts, full opportunity for which is afforded aggrieved mailers.

The law imposes a duty upon this Department which has been delegated to this office and despite your opinions to the contrary, that duty is performed in a conscientious manner.

VINCENT M. MILES,
Solicitor.

Post Office Department,
Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are grateful to Mr. Miles for his letter and for his assurances that the Post Office is performing its duties conscientiously, as it understands them. What we questioned, and still do, is not the Department's lack of a sense of duty, but rather a frightening over-supply that has caused it to wander into channels of censorship where it clearly does not belong.

A Telegram from the Author

I FEEL VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR YOUR COURAGEOUS LETTER TO THE POST OFFICE AND YOUR MAGNIFICENT EDITORIAL STAND ABOUT THE WHOLE MATTER. THANK YOU.

LILLIAN SMITH.

CLAYTON, GA.

And the General Comment

SIR: I have just read your letter to the Postmaster. Good going! It's time we had a show down on the authority of the Post Office to decide what can be published and what not.

CARL BECKER.

Ithaca, N. Y.

SIR: May I thank you for your valiant stand against the threat of the New York Post Office to exclude *The Saturday Review of Literature* from the mail if you continue to publicize "Strange Fruit." It occurs to me that Mr. Goldman's assistant's move might itself be labeled strange fruit—strange fruit of a mistaken idea of the function of government in the cultural life of a people.

The banning of books is a coward's device which fortunately defeats itself by its very operation. Scarcely a day goes by in the life of a large library that someone does not propose that a certain book be committed to the literary limbo. Frequently the volume in question was published years ago and is quite forgotten. The censoring mind works that way, oblivious of the fact that banning usually gives a new lease of life. The question of whether "Strange Fruit" is a great novel, or has merely been pushed by an active publisher is not here involved. That problem will be solved by time and readers and not by official edict.

Do you recall some verses which I read several years ago beginning

Please, Boston, ban my book before
it goes to press.

As I recall, it touches off the gloomy gentry with a nice wit.

Finally, and not too seriously, do you think that picador on your staff, Bennett Cerf, supports you discreetly with the final breeze of "Trade Winds" in the May 20 issue of *SRL*? Oh yes, I enjoyed it and understood it, though four letter words were lacking.

MILTON JAMES FERGUSON,
Chief Librarian,
Brooklyn Public Library.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

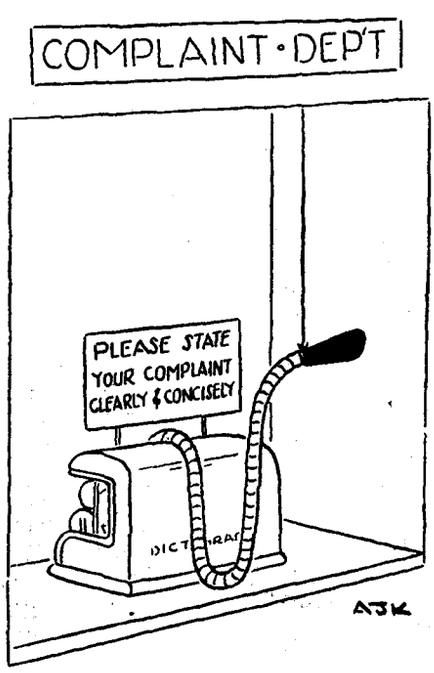
SIR: I write to thank you and the *SRL* for your stand on the matter of censorship vs. freedom of speech which has arisen in the case of Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit." It is obviously as evil for a small and backward group to get "Strange Fruit" banned as it would be for Miss Smith or her publishers to get a law passed making it a misdemeanor for any individual to exercise his individual right to refuse to read it.

I do not feel it is futile or presumptuous to direct our energies, even in the midst of a great war, to preserving truths which are self-evident. The battle for freedom of speech is as important as any battles ever to be fought on all the beach-heads of the world.

SAVILA H. SCOTT.

Providence, R. I.

SIR: Having taken up the cudgel so effectively for freedom of expression as it relates to obscenity, may we hope that you will not overlook the graver threat to less debatable values inherent in the Lynch bill, now before the House of Representatives, which would close the mails to "defamatory and false material aimed at religious or racial groups to subject them to hatred, contempt, ridicule or obloquy."



As the attached editorial (clipped from a local paper), indicates, the Civil Liberties Union is already exerting itself against the measure. It would seem to be an entirely proper function of a literary journal to do the same. A casual searching of a memory not particularly well stocked with such items brings to mind the following books, among others, which would certainly be removed from circulation by such a law: a number of Charlotte Brontë's novels: Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Dynamiter": any volume containing Milton's sonnet "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont" and many others of his works: histories and biographies without number. The list is endless. The proposed law would constitute a purge more devastating than Germany's burning of the books.

FLORENCE C. ROBERTS.

Rockford, Ill.

SIR: Your stand in respect to Postmaster Goldman's "routine" fiat is most commendable, as is your whole treatment of so-called "obscene" literature in general and "Strange Fruit" in particular.

If Section 598 of the Postal Regulations were interpreted literally, the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* as well as hundreds of other medical journals, would be unmailable, which, of course, they are not. For example, on advertising page 89 of the May 6, 1944 issue of the *J.A.M.A.,* there appears an advertisement of a product specifically intended for the prevention of conception, and other pages contain advertisements of books which explain and advocate contraceptive techniques. Even judiciary review could not help but find these statements outside the letter of this law, which has not been done in the case of "Strange Fruit."

PHILIP S. BERGMAN.

New Orleans, La.

SIR: The purpose of this note is to lend a strong Here! Here, to your strong and wise reply to the communication from the Postmaster of New York City. Such narrow and unprecedented use of the power of postal censorship cannot be allowed to grow.

I do not have access to Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit," but I have recently read an article written by the same in *The Negro Digest.* I must say I do not agree with this article. Nevertheless Miss Smith has the right to her own opinion.

THE REV. W. DEWITT DICKEY,
Pastor, Summit Point
Methodist Church.

Summit Point, W. Va.

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"The Literary Fallacy"

SIR: Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, it would be interesting to know if either DeVoto or Sinclair Lewis has gained or lost a single reader in the noise and name-calling. I for one shall continue to read both of these authors with pleasure and profit.

But ever since the opening gun, I have waited for one critic—any one—to recognize and speak out about what seems to me the very germ and seed and center of DeVoto's book. Is it possible that all the army is out of step but me?

The day "The Literary Fallacy" appeared in the book shops, I bought it, stimulated by the excerpt that had appeared in *The Saturday Review*. I read it at a sitting and closed it with a rush of gratitude to the author. Here was a critic, a professional literary man, who actually believed in the human race! "Man is the measure of things. Man's experience is the measure of reality. Man's spirit is the measure of fate. . . . Injustice is an empty word unless man is the measure of justice. There can be no sin unless sin robs man of a state of grace. . . . The frustration of an animal cannot be tragic. Bulls and male sharks may die in agony . . . but though the pain they suffer may shock our nerves we cannot possibly feel their death as tragic . . . humanity alone gives significance to suffering or cruelty."

"The view of life . . . which in all ages is called humanistic holds that man is entitled to primary respect because only in man's consciousness can the universe be grappled with. And the democratic view of life holds man is quite unalienable. Respect for this unalienable dignity is precisely what had been drained from the literature of the 1920's."

All DeVoto's name-calling earlier in the book, all the paragraphs about Lewis, Hemingway, and the rest, fall away under the impact of these sentences. When Mr. Lewis's furious attack (it cannot be called a defense) blistered out from the first page of your Spring Book Number, I for one was amazed. Had DeVoto really said all those things about Lewis, or about anybody? I had to go back to "The Literary Fallacy" to find out.

Sure enough, he had said them. But the impression of affirmation the book had left upon me, the impression of belief, of strong affirmative faith, was so deep I could not—I still cannot—shake it off.

It is not often that literary men, other than poets, speak out their faith in life, in humanity, in such things as a state of grace. DeVoto is pugnacious; from afar he scents a fight, turns, and trots eagerly upwind to meet it. But he knows and loves this country far better than he knows—or loves—himself. I for one cannot see "The Literary Fallacy" condemned as a book of mere name-calling. All that is overweighed by the most ringing salutation to the American belief that I, for one, have heard or read in many years.

CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN.
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Birth of a Momentous Award

SIR: Mark Twain, you will remember, once perpetrated this hoax on the lovers of literary verbalism:

> It was a crisp and spicy morning in early October. The lilacs and laburnums, lit with the glory fires of autumn, hung burning and flashing in the upper air, a fairy bridge provided by kind Nature for the wingless wild things that have their home in the tree tops and would visit together; the larch and the pomegranate flung their purple and yellow flames in brilliant broad splashes along the slanting sweep of the woodland; the sensuous fragrance of innumerable deciduous flowers rose upon the swooning atmosphere; far in the empty sky a solitary oesophagus slept upon motionless wing; everywhere brooded stillness, serenity, and the peace of God.

Since Mark Twain has this year been colossalized by Hollywood, but more especially, since humor is essential for all fronts, the time would seem to be appropriate for inaugurating a "Flying Oesophagus" award. Because of its keen interest in the betterment of American letters, *The Saturday Review of Literature* is, I believe, singularly fitted to make the award.

May I make the first nomination? It is "Bataan: The Judgment Seat" by Allison Ind. Here are fair samples:

> Cobalt seas daintily trimmed the horizon with the vanishing white of old point lace. The Pacific. Calm, luxurious Pacific. In all this vast expanse, surely not one hint of the human foment that ringed us far beyond the sky line. How completely comfortable; thoughts of ease, relaxation, music—home. (p. 2)
>
> . . . His closely packed bristles found origin in rich sideburns and continued their way down his cheek and around his chin in an unbroken proclamation of defiant facial pyrotechnics which were at once the object of comment among the Americans and of wonder and respect among the Filipinos. (p. 36)

The plaque or figurine to be awarded should, of course, be made of cobalt. (The literary verbalists love it!) Walt Disney should design the award. I had thought of Salvador Dali, but I hesitate to undermine his belief in flying oesophagi; for that creature perched above his chamber door may, for all I know, be to him a *real* flying oesophagus.

Any other suggestions?

R. C. WILLIAMS,
Rockhurst College,
Kansas City, Mo.

(*The Saturday Review* accepts Mr. Williams's suggestion. Readers are invited to serve as a nominating committee.—EDITOR'S NOTE).

Cecil Laughed Last

SIR: Can any of your readers confirm this story?

Traveling on an overnight train in Africa, Rudyard Kipling thought he had "put one over" on his good friend and fellow-passenger, Cecil Rhodes, when he grabbed the lower berth. With much heaving and hauling, Rhodes, a big man, was hoisted to the upper one with the help of the Negro porters.

In the middle of the night a woman boarded the car and insisted upon being given a place to sleep. As the berths were all full, the conductor was helpless.

Sticking his head out between the curtains, Rhodes spoke to the woman: "Madam, my little boy is sleeping in the berth below. If you don't mind crowding in with the little fellow, there is room for you there."

Grumbling, Kipling had to get up and give his berth to the woman.

FREDERIC CARRUTHERS.
New York, N. Y.

"Hubert just loves to bury himself in his books."

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TRADE Winds

BROADWAY PRODUCERS are laughing themselves sick over the spectacle of a reading public making best-sellers out of a succession of "autobiographies" by musical comedy, motion-picture, and opera celebrities who can scarcely write a letter home. While the racket lasts, a lot of underfed but deserving ghost-writers are climbing into the ninety percent surtax bracket. The stars themselves are having a wonderful time at autographing parties, and since they're certainly easier to look at than most honest-to-goodness authors, and since they draw crowds five and ten times as large, the booksellers—and publishers—are making hay while the stars sign. . . .

THE MOST RECENT SAVANT to be tapped for his memoirs is W. C. Fields, and if it ever does appear, this is one saga I do not intend to miss. Fields is the greatest juggler in the world, and some folks will swear he's the greatest comedian too. His real name is Claude William Dukenfeld, which he signs to an original scenario every now and then just for the hell of it. He was born in Philadelphia, but ran away from home when he was eleven. Some very tough years followed. "I was a big-city Huck Finn," he says. Constant colds and hacking coughs gave him his husky and rasping voice, repeated punches in the nose from older and heavier aggressors swelled and reddened his proboscis to an extraordinary degree. These two characteristics have become a sort of trademark; he keeps them up to snuff with frequent libations of Irish whiskey, a liquid to which he is not allergic. A lad came to see him last year who declared he was a long-lost son. Fields was skeptical, but asked him in. "Drink?" he inquired. "Coca-Cola," said the lad. Fields ejected him with a roar of rage. "An obvious impostor," he explained. Another time he returned from four weeks of location work in a town that was bone-dry. "Can you imagine me subsisting all those days," he marveled, "on nothing but food and water?"

Fields's first professional job was a combination of juggler and drowner at an Atlantic City beer joint. When business slackened, he would dive into the briny, and be saved just as he was going down for the third time. The crowd was expected to order beer and wienies while the waiting emergency squad restored him to consciousness. One July Fourth he "drowned" seven times. His first great hit on Broadway was scored in the Ziegfeld Follies. He did a combination juggling-and-hokum act with a trick billiard table that simply defies description, and that would bring just as many howls of laughter today as it did then. One night Fields got a laugh where he didn't expect it. Upon investigation, he found Ed Wynn hiding under the table, mugging at the audience. Fields, whose temper was not improved by his years of hobo camps and slow freights, hauled off and conked Wynn with a billiard cue. The crowd roared appreciatively, and laughed again every time Wynn clasped his sore head and moaned in agony. Fields calmly continued with his act, and later suggested that they include the routine every night. Wynn never butted into his number again.

"When I was a tot," confessed Fields, "I swore that if I ever got in the chips, I'd help kids who were homeless waifs like I had been. For years I couldn't afford it. Then came Hollywood and riches." "Did you start a foundation as you had planned?" asked a girl interviewer eagerly. "No," said Fields. "I'm afraid I didn't. I said to myself, 'To hell with them'!" . . .

DAVID L. COHN, whose "Combustion on Wheels: An Informal History of the Automobile Age" will appear under the Houghton Mifflin imprint, delivers a withering blast at the advertising methods of the publishing business in the May *Atlantic*. It's in the "Accent on Living" department. . . . Roger Babson advises young men in search of post-war careers to get into merchandising. He lists industries in order of his preference, based on rates of return on investment. *Printer's Ink* discovered that he had put "Book and magazine publishing" under "small profits." . . . If Mr. Babson will drop around some time, I'll introduce him to a man who invested $1000 in original *Time* stock before its first issue appeared in 1923. It's worth considerably more than $100,000 today! . . . Joe Jackson's anthology of California literature will be published by Whittlesey House in the fall. . . . H. Allen Smith's new volume will bear the title "Lost in the Horse Latitudes." The meaning, if any, eludes me. . . .

AN ATLANTA store had a window display of a book about Reno. The poster read, "Escape Literature." . . . Those phony "limited, first editions of four thousand copies, signed by the author" are showing their ugly heads again. Charles Lee's notion for putting an abrupt end to the practice is a trade edition of a new book at three dollars; an autographed edition at a dollar *less*. . . . A story frequently retold concerns the time James McNeil Whistler presented a hostess with a copy of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," inscribed "With the compliments of the author." A few days later he discovered the volume on a second-hand bookstall. He bought it, and sent it back to the lady after writing under the original inscription, "With the *renewed* compliments of Mr. Whistler." . . . George Barr McCutcheon once picked up an autographed copy of his "Graustark" in an Indianapolis shop. "What will you take for it?" he asked the proprietor. "The regular price is a dollar eight," said that worthy, "but some skunk has been writing his name all over this copy, so you can have it for seventy-five cents." . . . Ray Josephs, author of the forthcoming "Argentine Diary," has been booked for a country-wide lecture tour by Colston Leigh. Josephs has been in Buenos Aires during all the sinister monkey business of the past three years. . . . William L. White probably will complete his late father's almost-finished autobiography for Macmillan. Irvin Cobb left uncompleted memoirs behind him, too. Bobbs-Merrill will have them edited for publication. . . .

BEN HECHT'S "A Guide for the Bedevilled" probably will still be on the best-seller lists when his new novel, "I Hate Actors," appears under the Crown imprint. . . . Hecht's has been a name to conjure with in the literary world for over a quarter of a century. He reminisced recently about his early days, when Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap were publishing *The Little Review* from a tiny office in Chicago.

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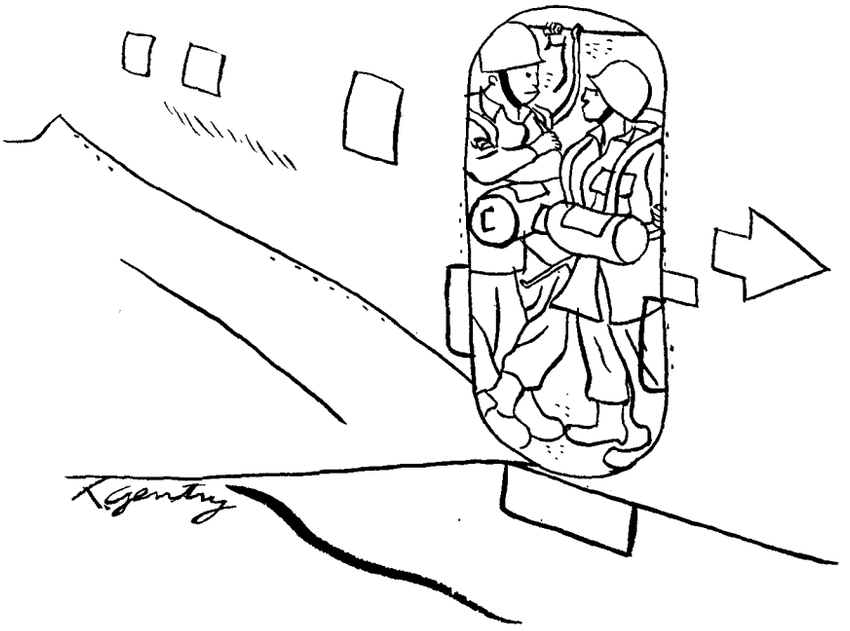

"It's stuffy in here—shall we step out for a little air?"

It would not be correct to say that the girls were operating on a shoestring. They didn't have a shoestring. They left the city on their unending search for funds, and made the mistake of leaving affairs in Hecht's hands. "John Galsworthy has promised us a manuscript!" they told him. Sure enough, it arrived a few days later, but Ben, still envious of competitors' literary success, pencilled the words "This is terrible" across the top, and rejected it.

In contrition, he engineered a heated literary controversy over *The Little Review's* merits with a young rival critic whose boiling point was, and is, unbelievably low. The name was Burton Rascoe. Hecht and Rascoe ran whole columns of palaver on *The Little Review* in the *Chicago Tribune* and *News*. "Did subscriptions pour in?" asked somebody. "They certainly did," asserted Hecht. "Three of them!" . . . *The Little Review* moved on to Paris, where it printed Joyce's "Ulysses" in serial form and picked up a dubious new editor named Ezra Pound. Hecht remained in Chicago, where he wrote "Erik Dorn" in 1921, and collected his best newspaper stories in a volume called "1001 Afternoons in Chicago" in 1923. . . . In 1944 he just seems to be getting to the top of his stride! . . .

GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY tells me of the Texas lady who decided to sell her old plow. "What you plannin' to ask for it, Miss Edna?" asked a neighbor. 'Oh, I reckon 'bout thirty or forty dollars," said Miss Edna. "But you can git a new one out of the mail-order catalogue for eight-fifty," the neighbor protested. "I'm tired of this hagglin' over pennies," decided Miss Edna. "Gimme a dollar an' take the plow." . . . A Hollywood press agent, intent upon glamorizing a new pin-up girl, came through with an unexpected bit of candor the other day: "She has posed for cigarette ads but she doesn't smoke. She has posed for liquor ads but she doesn't drink. She has also posed for soap ads." . . . Some of the "news" stories with political implications in recent weeks indicate that Mark Twain's advice to reporters is still headed: "Be absolutely sure of your facts, boys; then you can doctor 'em up to suit yourselves!" . . . J. P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman are working on a dramatization of "The Late George Apley." . . .

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, eminent man-about-Canal-Town, rises to explain: "The Mairzy Doats type of double-talk is nothing new. A generation before my time at Hamilton College, the following item of hog-latinity was current on the campus:

In pyntarris
In oaknunnis
In mudeelzar
In clainunnis.

"This was propounded to timorous sub-Freshmen. Failure to translate at sight brought the chilling suggestion that the applicant had better try Rochester, Union, R.P.I., or some other institution less sternly classical than Hamilton." . . . And John Woodburn, under the influence of spring, suggests a biography of Connee Boswell by Nunnally Johnson. The title, of course, would be "Johnson's Life of Boswell!"

BENNETT CERF.

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—two years, five years, ten years after the war

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The Way Father Stretched His Mouth

THE LAUGHTER OF MY FATHER. By Carlos Bulosan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 193 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by CLARA SAVAGE LITTLEDALE

HERE'S Life with Father, but with a very different father from Clarence Day. Can the fact that this is a Filipino peasant father account for all the difference? My intimate acquaintance with anyone resembling Father boils down to a Filipino named Ernest who cooked for us one summer. Ernest came to our conventional New Jersey suburb bringing his violin and a terrifying collection of sharp knives of assorted lengths. With the knives he carved roses out of beets, calla lillies out of turnips. The roasts blossomed and the violin wailed far into the night. Ernest was also a magician. There was always the delight of the unexpected about him and there is this same delight about Father and his whole family as they laugh and dance and battle and scheme and philander their way through this irrepressibly bawdy book. If you would be convinced, go to court with Father and watch him get the best of the Rich Man. Read what happened when Sister awoke the family in the middle of the night to announce that she was pregnant. A practical joker—Sister! Learn about the wine store Father opened For Ex-service Men Only; how mother took teachers as boarders and was very patient with their dancing which went to great lengths, one must admit, because she wanted to earn enough money to buy a mourning coat. Father, meanwhile, visiting school, sat at the back during classes and winked at the teachers. Don't miss the chapter "The Marriage of My Father" or "The Song of My Father"—"It was a sad song, all right. But it was also beautiful. It had the sadness of lost years. It also had the promise of years to come. It meant youth. It meant age also. It meant love assuming a new name. . . . 'I feel that song in my being,' said Father."

No, not every father, not every family behaves with the untrammeled naturalness of this family. Nothing neurotic about them! They felt what they felt and they acted upon it. No repressions! The reader breaking out into uncontrollable laughter as he reads, experiences a vast sense of relief and enjoyment at getting so near to persons who can love and hate and act as they feel with such perfect spontaneity. He laughs aloud with Father and his family of whom the author says,

> Laughter was our only wealth. Father was a laughing man. He would go into the living-room and stand in front of the tall mirror, stretching his mouth into grotesque shapes with his fingers and making faces at himself; then he would rush into the kitchen roaring with laughter.

As simple as that and as refreshing. I heartily recommend this small book to anyone who is real enough himself to be able to enjoy reading about real people and who knows, as Father and his family did, that laughter is wealth.

Six Men in a Wellington Bomber

PATHFINDERS. By Cecil Lewis. New York: Morrow & Co. 1944. 249 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. L. NORTH

THIS is rather a disappointing novel, because all of its material, varied and potentially interesting as it is, adds up to nothing at all. You take a bomber crew composed of six men, and you trace back the lives of these men in flashback technique, and you ought to have a good, solid, perhaps significant book, *if* the stuff in it is properly pointed. What about these six lives? Is there anything there that has moved these men straight to their destiny in a Wellington bomber, on a mission over Kiel? Or is there anything there which adds up to a composite picture of England, of England at war, or England before the war, or the new England in the making? Some such over-all pattern or purpose is necessary to give this device life. It is not a new device, and it is often successful when the pattern is made clear. Even the debated "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" was successful insofar as the separate studied lives added up to a significant potential which pointed like an arrow straight to the fateful moment on the bridge. But here in Mr. Lewis's book we have a meaningless succession of six narratives, sentimental, melodramatic, individualized, none of them particularly good, and none of them with a final significance. These men need never have met in a bomber, nor need the England they are set against ever have moved into war, or peace, or anything else. Each of these lives seems end-stopped and vacuum-packed. The plane, the flying sequence, the war, are wasted material, good contemporary material pointing up the aridity of the rest.

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THE WORLD'S MOST "CULTURED" CRIMINALS

(Continued from page 7)

and never admitted that he was something of a cardsharper.

Far too many recollections of celebrities are wholly spurious. Back in 1882 appeared the memoirs of Charles and Henri Sanson, father and son, who were the most conspicuous guillotineurs of the French Revolution and who together chopped off the heads of more distinguished men and women than any other headsmen in history. Charles and Henri respectively disposed of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and scores of aristocrats. They had a tale to tell. It was supposed to be told in the memoirs of 1882—pure fiction, based on contemporaneous accounts of what happened in the Place de la Concorde during the Terror. The memoirs of Claude, chief of the Paris police from 1850 to 1875, stand on exactly the same footing.

FAR more puzzling are the scholars who have left the strait and narrow path. Bent on proving a point, they have exploited their bookish learning to the utmost. That Milton was probably influenced by modern Latin poets has long been generally conceded. William Lauder, a good classicist of the eighteenth century, went rather far in his effort to show what the influence was by interpolating in the works of Massenius and Staphorstius extracts

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from "Paradise Lost" translated into Latin. Giacomo Cortese also had an axe to grind. In 1894 he published what purported to be a palimpsest fragment which he bound with Ovid's "Metamorphoses" and then attributed to Cornelius Nepos. The forgery was accepted and passed into the histories of Latin literature. Not until 1904, by which time Cortese was a respected professor of classical philology at Rome, was the real character of the text brought to light.

Chatterton, of course, stands on another footing. His is a case of pure frustration. No one in his senses would call him an arch criminal because he tried to gain recognition for his undoubted poetic gift by faking the Rowley "relics." Perhaps as much can be said for Ireland, who produced documents and even a tragedy which he attributed to Shakespeare and which were accepted as authentic by eminent critics. Boswell, Johnson's adoring and somewhat emotional biographer, kissed the forgeries on his knees, which must have made even Ireland marvel. Chatterton died poverty-stricken by his own hand at the age of eighteen. Ireland lived to become a member of Parliament and to be buried at his own request in Westminster Abbey.

One of those who declined to take Ireland seriously was George Steevens, who assisted Johnson in writing the "Lives of the Poets" and who was himself a faker. Steevens forged a letter of George Peele in which a meeting with Shakespeare was described. He also invented Upas, a tree of Java so deadly that its emanations destroyed all animal and vegetable life within a range of fifteen miles. Steevens pretended that his account of the tree was translated from the Dutch. *The London Magazine* published the piece, and Erasmus Darwin swallowed it whole and passed it along.

Macpherson of Ossian fame belongs to the same golden period. He had an artistic influence that was wide. Ossian inspired Mendelssohn to write his overture "Fingal's Cave" and deeply moved Goethe. Probably Byron's "Manfred" alone surpassed Macpherson's Ossian in the impression that it made on the romantics. That forthright John Bull of English literature, Samuel Johnson, was not deceived for an instant and demanded proofs which Macpherson obligingly made and produced. Not until Macpherson died were all doubts removed.

When it comes to pseudonyms we tread on slippery ground. Hundreds of eminent authors have adopted names for good literary or financial reasons. But what shall be said of William Sharp, who died in 1905, who wrote some excellent poetry under the name of "Fiona Macleod," and whose identity was not revealed until he died in 1905? Perhaps he felt that only as Fiona Macleod could he compose in a mystic vein. He simply sublimated himself. His case is one for the psychopathologist rather than the literary critic. There are what psychiatrists call "transvestites," men who dress themselves in women's clothes and who behave and think as women. Sharp may well have been a literary transvestite. There is some evidence that in his creative moments Wagner was another. Psychiatrists have made something of the fact that he sat in private at the piano, dressed in the stays of a feminine costume that had been especially made for him.

The most successful faked memoirs of our times were those of Li Hung Chang, which came from the too facile pen of William Francis Mannix, a vagabond newspaperman who could not hold a job as a reporter because he simply could not indicate the state of the weather without imaginative embroidery. Mannix had seen service with the U. S. Army at Tienstin but he had seen only a little of China and nothing at all of Li Hung Chang. Sentenced for forging a check in Hawaii, the monotony of imprisonment was relieved by a few books on China which had been supplied by friends. With no other material he produced in jail the "Memoirs of Li Hung Chang." The book was brought out in England, and the American rights were acquired by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Both English and American publishers took the precaution of submitting the Memoirs to authorities on China. The Honorable John W. Foster was one. He knew Li Hung Chang, and not only took the Memoirs at their face value but wrote a preface for the American introduction. It was not until a former resident of China protested in *The Nation* that the storm began to gather. The final blow was delivered by a son of Li Hung Chang who could recognize none of the characters with which Mannix enriched the entourage of Li Hung Chang.

THE case of the "Memoirs of Li Hung Chang" is all the stranger because Mannix had a record known to every important newspaper in the country. He had incurred the displeasure of managing editors by supplying them with articles on the Cuban Revolution of 1895-1898. Seated in a Havana cafe, Mannix "interviewed" all the more celebrated and far-distant Cuban insurrectionists of the day—celebrities that no correspondent had succeeded in reaching. Mannix was largely responsible for the cry of "Cuba Libre" raised before the Spanish-American War. Editors accepted his "interviews," and a new comet streaked for a time across the journalistic sky. Even after he was exposed Mannix persisted in playing the part of outraged innocence. He appealed to the State Department to protest against his deportation from Cuba by the Spanish Government. Congress debated his case. Clubs invited him to lecture. And all in spite of a record about which there was no longer any doubt. Even after the "Memoirs of Li Hung Chang" were exposed he placed two articles with the *Independent* which were supposed to be interviews with Yuan Shi-Kai, then executive head of China. Because of their indiscreet comments on foreign affairs the Chinese Ambassador at Washington made inquiries and the State Department stepped in. The pious may extract some comfort from the fact that Mannix died a respectable and efficient business manager of a small newspaper on the Pacific Coast, a brand plucked from the burning.

Even more lordly was the Swiss imposter, Henri Louis Giren, who immortalized himself as Louis de Rougemont and who wrote startling accounts of his fictitious adventures among the primitives of Australia and nearby islands. The editor of the *Wide World* magazine, in which these accounts appeared, assured me years ago that stenographic notes were taken of office conversations with de Rougemont and that anthropologists and geographers could detect no flaw in them. Strangely enough it was the truth that first aroused suspicion. It was true that a man could ride on a turtle, as de Rougemont said he had done, and it was true that the dugong may look like a weird apparition at times. But it was at these truths that the public gagged. No one thought of consulting Australians about de Rouge-

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mont's tales, though the cable was working. Australians were never deceived by accounts of wombats (tropical badgers of some weight and solidity) "rising in clouds every evening at sunset from islands in the Cambridge Gulf." Such was de Rougemont's fame that he was asked to address the geographical and ethnological sections of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. For once the experts rose to the occasion. De Rougement could not explain how he managed to navigate a forty-ton schooner single-handed through storms, how that schooner happened to be equipped exactly like its equivalent in the "Swiss Family Robinson," and how he could possibly have avoided all the telegraph lines, boundary fences, and cattle-stations in regions where he had been a tribal king. Such was the resultant scandal that it occupied as much space in the English press as the confession of Esterhazy that he had forged the Dreyfuss *bordereau* and with the news from Omdurman that Kitchener had mowed down dervishes with the new machine-gun of Hiram Maxim. The circulation of the *Wide World* magazine dropped from 600,000 to less than 100,000. De Rougemont died in the infirmary of the Kensington Workhouse in 1921 after having unsuccessfully tried to dispose of some inventions of his. It was something that a tramp, valet, cook, and waiter could have carved a niche for himself in a curious Hall of Fame.

It is useless to moralize on the perversion of art and craftsmanship. But it is worth pointing out that the counterfeiter of twenty-dollar bills runs a far graver risk of detection than the counterfeiter of palimpsests, paintings, statues, and first-editions. For one thing the millionaire who is a victim hesitates to make a spectacle of himself and for another the fakes have an intrinsic merit that commands admiration. The fact remains that faking art is big business. Half a billion dollars, the Treasury's figure, is a sum that would attract the largest business corporation. It has taken criminals of a highly educated type to harvest those billions. Compared with them the safe-crackers, check-forgers, even counterfeiters of money are mere mechanics. To match wits with the men who can tell from a curl or the marks of a tool whether or not an ancient "Greek" statute is genuine, to produce a manuscript that even an ancient Egyptian scribe would accept as his own if he were alive, to produce patinas that a skilled chemist could not easily match, to mimic the tooth of time—this is in itself not only an art of its own, but an art as ancient as man.

20th Anniversary Number

THE HORN BOOK

May-June, 1944

FOR TWENTY YEARS *The Horn Book Magazine* has been serving the authors, illustrators and publishers of children's books. It has functioned as a connecting link between the makers of children's books and the parents, teachers, librarians and booksellers (to say nothing of grandparents and a whole raft of fond aunts and uncles) who place these books into the hands of those most appreciative and most critical of readers — the children themselves.

The general reader would find much to enjoy in *any* issue of *The Horn Book*, but one glance at the Contents for our Anniversary Number will be enough for book-lovers: *The Horn Book* for May 1944 becomes a " collector's item " from the day of its publication.

Please mention the *Saturday Review* when writing for your copy.

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Editorial: Our Twenty Years, by Elinor Whitney Field.

Frontispiece: Recent and hitherto unpublished portrait of BEATRIX POTTER.

Of Memory and Muchness. FRANCES CLARKE SAYERS sums up the Golden Age of Children's Books.

Jean Hersholt's Andersen. MARGERY BIANCO reviews the new Heritage Press edition of Andersen's *Fairy Tales* translated by Jean Hersholt.

The Dawn of Imagination in American Children's Books, by ALICE M. JORDAN. The seventh in a series of papers by Miss Jordan on the history of American children's books.

Through An Illustrator's Eyes. HILDA VAN STOCKUM, herself the writer and illustrator of many books, discusses the art of illustrating books for children.

History of the Book. A narrative poem by MARGARET N. HINCKS, tracing the history of the book from earliest days to the present. With illustrations by W. A. DWIGGINS, and printed on book paper as an insert for this Anniversary Issue.

The Three Owls' Notebook, by ANNE CARROLL MOORE. In double its usual length of three pages, the Notebook this month is a tribute to HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

Beatrix Potter in Letters. By BERTHA E. MAHONY. Article, letters, and eight photographs of scenes of Beatrix Potter's life and home from which many illustrations were drawn for her books. This is a treasure for every lover of the Peter Rabbit books.

Wag-By-Wall, by BEATRIX POTTER. An unpublished story sent to us by its author for the Christmas 1943 *Horn Book*, but later, by her wish, held over for our 20th Anniversary Number.

The Horn Book Salutes Mr. F. E. Compton — and pays tribute to him on the Golden Anniversary of *Compton's Pictured Encyclopædia.*

The Book Artist: Yesterday and Tomorrow, by LYND WARD. A famous illustrator and wood-engraver contributes a distinguished paper in this estimate of our immediate past and present position in the field of illustration in children's books.

Reed Flute, by ELLA YOUNG and **Lines for Myself,** by GERHARD FRIEDRICH, decorated by drawings of DOROTHY LATHROP and ROCKWELL KENT, provide the three pages of poetry for this issue.

Newburyport Storyteller. The editor of *The Horn Book* writes her memories of visits with Ethel Parton.

Everyday Life in America, by SIRI ANDREWS. A reading list for children of 7-14.

What's Past Is Prelude, by B. E. M. The Editor writes a postscript to " Our Twenty Years."

Also in this issue the usual departments, booklist, and pages of attractive announcements from the publishers of children's books — and a *wealth of illustrations.*

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A Shorter Road Back

THE WOUNDED GET BACK. By Albert Q. Maisel. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 230 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM M. HITZIG, M.D.

WORLD WAR II is unique not only for the new techniques of destruction, but even more for the reclamation and rehabilitation of the sick and the wounded. Statistics released by the OWI reveal that about ninety-seven per cent of American soldiers and sailors wounded in action recover, an unprecedented figure in the history of warfare. Significant, too, is that more wounded men, in all branches of service, are able to return to active duty than ever before. How this miracle is being accomplished by the American Navy's Medical Department, in particular, is described vividly and accurately by Mr. Maisel in this book. Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the United States Navy, contributes a foreword.

Mr. Maisel observed the latest developments in warfare medicine at first hand during a six month tour of the South Pacific war zone. He left a North Atlantic Port on the *Relief,* joined another hospital ship, the *Solace,* made famous by its successful evacuation of thousands of wounded from Guadalcanal. It was on this ship, veteran of the long Pacific campaign, that he first observed the remarkable esprit de corps which later became evident among medical men wherever he went. He toured every type of hospital in the battle zone from the up-to-date base hospitals in New Zealand to the mobile hospitals in the swamps or jungle holes of the Solomons. His description of the "finest little hospital" in the South Pacific, run by six exiled doctors and built by them "out of hope, and palm leaves and a talent for appropriation" is especially interesting. He talked to the wounded along jungle trails, in rude first-aid stations and even traveled by ambulance planes and PT boats to complete the epic story of American Naval medicine.

Mr. Maisel seems impressed with doctors, especially Navy doctors, and the glowing anecdotes about them, which, incidentally, are well told, border on hero-worship. As a layman he is in sympathy with a doctor's temperament. He understands his mannerisms, his problems, his language, and is awed by his unselfish devotion to duty. Mr. Maisel's enthusiasm about Navy medicine and especially about those heroic men who have made victory possible, men of the type of White, Nesburn, Sapero, and others, is not without justification. The Navy's medical achievements in the South Pacific adventure are truly without parallel in world war history. The *Solace* with its many gadgets was a great hospital ship but "you can't cure men with chromium. The record of the *Solace* is due without a doubt to the calibre of the physicians who sailed her." Thus Mr. Maisel pays tribute to a host of selfless men and women, doctors, nurses, and corpsmen, who have contributed to "the real victory of Navy medicine—a victory that has to be won all over again with every new battle."

"The Wounded Get Back" will appeal to both doctor and layman for its human interest, and for its accurate and honest portrayal of the heartaches and triumphs of American Naval medicine. The new chemotherapy of infections with sulfa drugs, a dream of medical men since the days of Paul Ehrlich, is well handled. Evidently penicillin, a more powerful and much less toxic substance for combatting infections, was not yet available at the time of Maisel's tour. The anti-malarial drugs, atabrine and quinine, the Orr treatment of fractures, the psychosomatic and prosthetic problems are discussed simply and with scientific accuracy. These and other problems—an ever-present medical challenge at the front—will never cease, for the battle of medicine, of healing the wounded and the mentally and physically ill, will continue undiminished until the war is won.

In truth, the battle as it is being fought by the medical heroes of our Armed Forces has really just begun. Out of this worldly chaos a newer medicine must evolve—where the methods now saving lives on the atolls of the South Pacific will some day help provide better medical care for those who will need it at home.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Porphyro, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats. 2. "Father William," by Lewis Carroll. 3. "The Forsaken Merman," by Matthew Arnold. 4. The skipper, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Longfellow. 5. The vagabond, in "The Face Upon the Floor," by Antoine D'Arcy. 6. Cromwell, in "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe. 7. "Rabbi Ben Ezra," by Browning. 8. "Horatius," by Macauley. 9. The wedding guest, in "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. 10. "Ozymandias," by Shelley. 11. "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field. 12. Little Wilhelmine, in "The Battle of Blenheim," by Southey. 13. St. Nicholas, in "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement C. Moore. 14. "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller. 15. "Casabianca," by Felicia Hemans. 16. "Barbara Frietchie," by Whittier. 17. Cophetua, in "The Beggar Maid," by Tennyson. 18. "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes. 19. The sergeant of police, in "The Pirates of Penzance," by W. S. Gilbert. 20. "Abou Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt.

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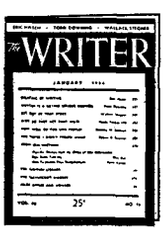

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An Endlessly Individual Process

A WELL FULL OF LEAVES. By Elizabeth Myers. New York: William Morrow. 1944. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

MOM COUNTED SIX. By Mac Gardner. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 267 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

I SHOULD like to review these two novels together, since they both treat to a remarkable degree of the same material and both are, I think, first novels by young women of considerable talent. And, too, both suffer from the same sort of limitation, in different ways. The stuff of which these novels are made is right out of fiction's Old Reliable drawer: the growth of a family. It has been and will be the stuff of countless good books. There are father and mother and a lot of children. Father and mother stand by agonizing, quietly or not, while the children grow, develop tendrils, feelings, perceptions, find out about people and evil and love and sex, make decisions about everything. I do not mean to dismiss it all in a rapid and perhaps supercilious catalogue. The process is endlessly fascinating and endlessly individual. Nobody ever grows up in the same way as anybody else, and when a writer remembers with accuracy the very special miracles of his growth he has (or she has) a really unprecedented tale to tell. That is what people mean when they say everyone has one good novel in him, and that is one reason why we need to watch Miss Myers's and Miss Gardner's second novels.

In Miss Myers's book it is the Valley family we are observing, particularly Laura. In Miss Gardner's book it is the Hollys, centering about Brooke. In both families the parents are rocks of stolid conservatism and endurance, the children are imaginative and painfully responsive to every prick of circumstance. The variation is in the method and temperament of the writer. Miss Myers distills every incident to its last, most tenuous essence. She will stop the story short to pursue a thought or a scent, she suffers exquisitely over the cruelties that life inflicts upon the hypersensitive, the kind of thinking reed her Laura is. Miss Gardner tells her history hastily and breathlessly, in a rush of crisp echoless sentences, like a woman who has just come in and won't take off her hat, I have only a moment my dear but I must tell you, at just that pace, all in a steady narrative stream. The tone is one of hearty, fresh realism, the pace is that of a motion picture, you have to grasp each scene, noting its color and composition even as it passes by—no second look. Laura Valley grows as you watch her mind deepening downward and inward. Brooke Holly grows right there in front of you like a plant.

Of both narratives it can be said that a great deal has been done with the least possible ingenuity, for both are monotonous, meaning single-toned. Everything in Miss Myers's story is strained through one kind of nervous perception, while everything in Miss Gardner's story is thrown out in the same quick, laconic tone of voice. The marvel is that they succeed as well as they do, both vital and engrossing tales for all of their fixed vantage points.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 531)

GEORGE ELIOT:
TO HARRIET B. STOWE
(MAY 8, 1869)

I believe . . . that a religion more perfect than any yet prevalent must express less care for personal consolation and a more deeply-awing sense of responsibility to man, springing from sympathy with . . . the difficulty of the human lot.

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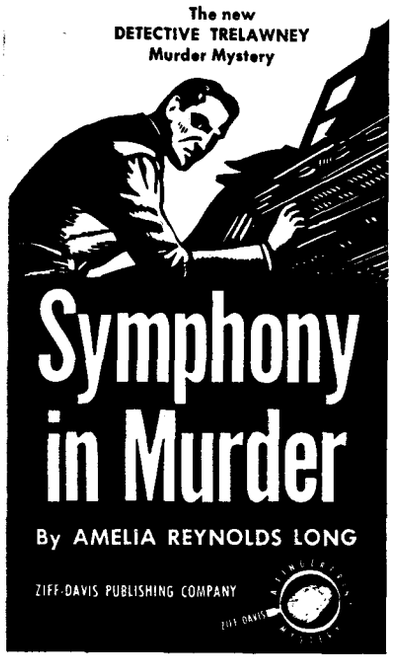

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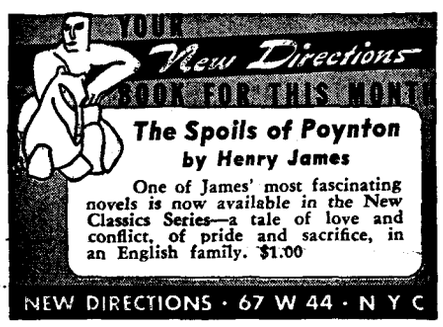
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The Phoenix Nest

WHEN you read this I shall already be at Pigeon Cove up on Cape Ann, I hope for the whole summer. Which reminds me of a poem I wrote concerning that vicinity *last* summer, so I think I shall print it here:

SANDY BAY
(*For Marjorie*)

Rusted gray granite and brown rolled boulders
Piled to the sea and widely strewn,
Harsh and hot to the thighs and shoulders
Under the sun and the fleece of noon

High in a sky whose blue presages
Later hours of white-blossomed sail
Leaning out toward the Dry Salvages
Trailing foam from the leeward rail.

Gulls that wing crying, veer, and hover;
Heat of the sun and beat of the sea;
Drowsed well-being of Ocean's lover
Touched to wonder that life should be

Drawn from the wandering weed and water
Even as ancient legends tell
Anadyomene, Beauty's daughter,
Crisped to shore in her fluted shell.

Leathery, feathery weed and tangle;
Wine-red dulse, and the rock-snail shells
Gray and brown in some sea-mossed angle
Clinging the barnacles' clustered bells;

Wash of a lazy tide just making,
Breeze that recalls the cool of night:
Ripples of gold from a high moon flaking
Laddering long toward Straitsmouth Light.

Granite and green of a sturdy growing,
Hazed horizon, whispering sea:
Here is surety beyond all knowing,
Here is the heaven for you and me!

And that's the way they pronounce "Dry Salvages" up there, too! And T. S. Eliot wrote a poem about same—perhaps you know it?

Back in April Earle Walbridge sent me the following, and it is indeed well that we should remember Rose O'Neill. I recall her from many years agone, going to see her with Elinor Wylie when she lived down on Washington Square. She looked to me like a little lion, with that tawny mane of hair. She was a delightful Irish genius, really a very beautiful woman. I could never imagine Rose O'Neill growing old. I'm sure she is now having a magnificent time in her own special corner of Heaven!

Another singularly attractive figure has left the literary scene in the person of Rose Cecil O'Neill, dead at seventy. More people know her as the creator of the Kewpies than as the poet and mystic. If I may again quote myself from "Twentieth Century Authors": "The great commercial success of her creations, the Kewpies — modified, sentimentalized and modernized Cupids—has enabled Miss O'Neill to write as she pleases, and to indulge in the excessive Celticism—of such novels as 'Garda' and 'The Goblin Woman.' 'The Master-Mistress [1922], whose title is derived from the most debated of Shakespeare's sonnets [the twentieth], is a collection of poems, weirdly illustrated by the author, whose theme is the duality of sex. As a poet, she has undeniable if erratic gifts; and a charming humor as an illustrator." The serious books had small sales; she once said that all her editions were first editions.

As a young woman she had a breath-taking beauty, according to Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin, who has spoken of her golden hair and camellia-like skin, and such a bewildering variety of talents that some one once said that if all the good fairies present at her christening were gathered together, the Grand Central Station couldn't hold them. I have a copy of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" which she must have given to some child, since one of her best Kewpies is drawn in pencil on the fly-leaf. Something childlike in her own nature led her to christen her place on the Saugatuck River, near Westport, Conn., Carabas Castle, after the marquis of "Puss in Boots."

For some time now I have wished to wave a gesture of congratulations to Hi Phillips of the *Sun* for a certain ballad of his called "Lines on a Hollywood Sea Thriller," in which he pays due tribute to the great Tallulah. The L'Envoi will give you the idea:

The sun and storm put on a fight
As raw as battles racial;
She sinks beneath the ocean's might—
And comes up with a facial!

With reference to unusual organizations, Wendell Smith writes me from Mountain Hearth Ranch, Alpine, California, which, it seems, is the Headquarters of The Grand Order of Fireplace Fanatics: Wendell Smith, Founder, Keeper of the Fire, Editor of the

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G. O. F. F. Bellows and Stewkettle Newsletter—Homer Hearthstone, Grand Scribe. He says:

> While reading your Phoenix Nest in the March 11 issue, I first thought my personal on the next page had gotten into the wrong department. The G.O.F.P.O.P. and the G.O.F.F. start off with the same initials. On further reading I soon discovered that you were talking about Chet Shafer's unique organization. I'm not eligible to belong to that but have had some interesting correspondence with him and he once sent me his hand tracing (minor hobby with me) and some of his literature. I may be writing to the wrong party but it has occurred to me that it would be a fine idea if libraries would put the last four issues of *Saturday Review* in their magazine holders instead of only the current one.
>
> I suppose there are others like myself that like to see the recent issues and I always have to go to the desk and ask for the past few issues.

My remark that I was sure the President did not act as he did concerning the Soldier's Vote Bill out of any political considerations has brought the remark from Samuel P. Lilley of Los Angeles that in his opinion Mr. Roosevelt has never acted out of any consideration *save* politics, and from Ray B. Roberts of Elmdale, Kansas, that it appears to him that the President proposed a Federal Ballot *only* and *solely* for political reasons. Those gentlemen should meet each other!

Arthur G. Peacock of Jamaica thanks me for the *Nest* of May 13, "I mean the Negro comment, the comment on Franco's Fair, and the comment on Elsa Maxwell. Keep up the fight for democracy!" Mrs. Keith Preston of Evanston spots the Curzon translation and says Tertullian could not have said just what Elsa Maxwell made him say, "even though he was late Latin. A singular verb with a plural predicate adjective!" Dorothy G. Schuval of Brooklyn, Alice Challice Robinson of Rochester, Elizabeth Moorhead Vermorcrese of Pittsburgh, Steven T. Byington of Ballard Vale, Mass., Mrs. William Ridington of Westminster, Md., Father James L. Hernan of Euclid-Cleveland, Ohio, and Millicent McEntee of New York all sent in right answers to the Curzon Latin. Regarding Arthur Stringer's "The Old Editor Remembers," Victor Lauriston of Chatham, Ontario, says he'd say it was George Horace Lorimer (the right answer has already been given), and Louise Seymour Jones of Redlands, California, thinks the poem describes her father perfectly, an editor and publisher of newspapers for nearly fifty years in Chicago. His name was Horatio Seymour:

> The last letter I had from Irvin S. Cobb pointed out what a mistake it was that my father submerged his personality in the papers he created. While he was a copy-reader on the *Evening World,* Father was the Editorial Supervisor of the *Morning World,* a title and position created for him by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer himself, when he realized his own diminishing strength. Father held this supreme authority over the editorial page for five years before Mr. Pulitzer's death, carrying on the Pulitzer policies for eight years afterward. Very few people knew about him. Being naturally an introvert, declining publicity, he remained loyal to his old chief until stricken down with angina at Joseph Pulitzer's desk; and soon after the twilight of the *New York World* set in.
>
> Mr. Cobb wrote of Father's talents and power in international politics and his excessive modesty, adding that in his own life, he (Irvin S. Cobb) "never missed a chance to advertise himself."
>
> There were men who meant to write H. W. S.'s biography; Brand Whitlock, for instance, who was one of his "boys." In the Introduction to "B. W.'s Memoirs," Allan Nevins mentions Father's influence, not only upon the young Whitlock, but the illustrious group of cub reporters who organized the famous Whitechapel Club in Chicago. This was in the palmy days of the *Chicago Herald,* when there was as definite a striving of ambitious young writers to work for Horatio Seymour in order to acquire his pure English and literary technique, as the young Englishmen who clamored for jobs under Kipling. As I remember some of them: Peter Finley Dunne, Ben King, George Ade, Opie Reed, Wallace Reed, John T. McCutcheon, Denslow the artist, "Grissly" Adams and my incorrigible uncle, Charley Seymour. I have books full of clippings and letters, expressions of affection and appreciation of many who worked for him.
>
> He was a man who lived abreast of what he believed a great newspaper maker and a wonderful father.

It's a famous name! How about the Horatio Seymour who was Governor of New York State in '62? It may interest Mrs. Jones to know that back in 1906-7, at the Sheffield Scientific School, my senior-year room-mate was Horatio Seymour, Jr., since then a notable civil engineer. He came from Michigan, was very fond of shooting and hunting, and we called him "Cy."

Elias Lieberman contribs the following:

TRAGEDY OF NARCISSUS WHO WASTED AWAY FOR LOVE OF HIS OWN IMAGE IN A POOL

> One cannot help suspecting
> That pools
> Did all the fool's
> Reflecting.

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The Crostics Club

MY proudest acquisition is a copy of Ex-Ambassador Grew's "Ten Years in Japan" sent me from Washington with a special tribute to his affection for DCs. I endorse Henry C. Wolfe's review of it in the May 13 issue, and contrary to the comments of a reviewer of a leading metropolitan paper, I find even its political events narrated with a human touch that hold one's interest to the end, to say nothing of the charm of personal intimacies in Japanese practices. How do you like this traffic regulation from "Japanese Rules of the Road in English" as allegedly posted in the Central Police Station in Tokyo: "When a passenger of the foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet at him. Melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigour, express by word of mouth the warning 'Hi Hi.'" Or this: "Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode the exhaust box at him as you pass him by. Go soothingly by." Or, "Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway."

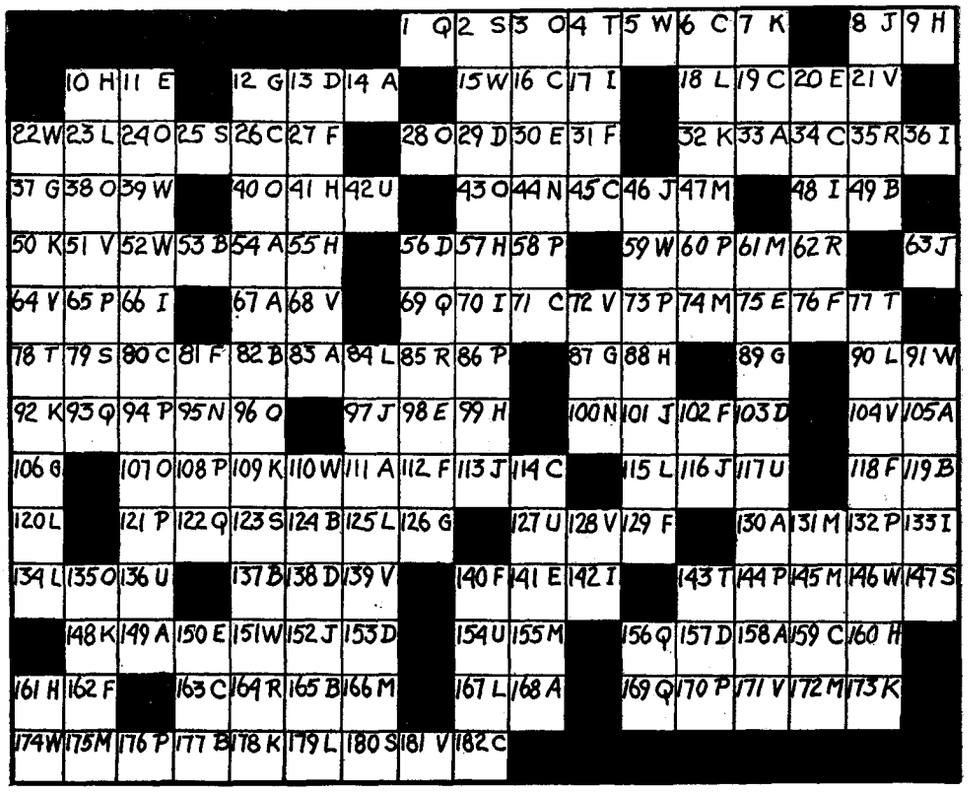
Mabel Grant, Bakersfield, Calif., contributes this pleasing item: "Ever since the April 1 issue I have been searching for a bit of verse that I remembered having heard over the radio . . . concerning *Pinkletinks*. At last in the Public Library I have the book in hand, 'Have Patience Little Saint,' by Louise Seymour Jones, and on page 85

As the piping of pinkletinks
Heralds the spring
In the Pan-haunted marshes
Up-sprung
From the elves' rendezvous
Comes a song ever new,
It is never too late to be young.

It is a pretty word to me, quite onomatopoetic." So say I, and I shall use it on you.

The stupid mistakes I occasionally make in the initial stages of making a DC are not so easily remedied as was the recent one in No. 530. The use of *Anspach* was no deliberate choice, as I do not like *local* geographic names, and that historical allusion was really too complicated for my every-day taste. It happened thus: The word I worked into the puzzle was *Anspacher*, the American playwright. My check-up revealed that I had inadvertently transferred the *er* to another word so placed that its retrieving would have changed not one but several words. In the forlorn hope that *Anspach* might have a significance beyond mere geography, I looked it up in my WBD to find that it was the English form of the German *Ansbach* but—*See Caroline of Anspach*, it said. Thus did I make the acquaintance of a very live entity and handed her on to you in the hope that her machinations with the literati of her day would intrigue you, too.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 532

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 27 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Anti-Semitism.

B. American sculptor (1844-1920); (statue of Washington on top of Battle Monument, Trenton, N. J.)

C. Event due to chance (U. S.; humorous).

D. Scottish portrait painter and landscapist (1758-1840).

E. Irenic; harmonizing.

F. Daughter of Alfred the Great, called Lady of the Mercians.

G. The Modern Greek vernacular.

H. The merlin (2 wds.)

I. Meagreness; thinness.

J. First Chinese graduate of an American University—Educator in America and China (1828-1912) (Yale 1854).

K. Manifest to the understanding.

L. Elegant trinkets or articles of vertu (Fr.)

M. Greek mythographer who rationalized Greek myths (4th Cent. B.C.)

N. A nephew of Abraham (Bib.)

O. Print in small letters (2 wds.)

P. Florida (2 wds.)

Q. That which quiets uneasiness.

R. Called the "Poet of the Confederacy" (1838-86; R.C. Chaplain of Confederate Army).

S. Collective title of Love Poems by Ovid (13 B.C.)

T. Flat-bottomed boat used much in New England fishing waters.

U. The so-called vegetable caterpillar of New Zealand—a natural curiosity.

V. German conductor, composer, etc. (1843-97; Conductor of Metropolitan Opera House, 1897).

W. Unduly confident; arrogant.

WORDS

130 111 83 168 54 149 105 67 158 14 33

119 124 177 82 53 165 137 49

163 16 26 80 34 159 182 71 45 19 6 114

138 29 153 56 103 13 157

141 75 11 98 20 150 30

162 140 31 27 76 118 102 81 129 112

106 87 126 89 12 37

9 99 10 88 55 41 57 161 160

142 70 48 66 36 133 17

46 116 97 152 63 8 101 113

32 92 178 7 173 50 109 148

115 18 90 125 23 167 84 120 134 179

155 175 145 172 74 166 61 131 47

95 100 44

107 96 40 3 24 135 38 43 28

170 65 94 121 73 176 58 132 144 108 86 60

169 93 122 1 156 69

35 62 164 85

180 2 25 147 79 123

78 143 4 77

127 154 136 117 42

128 68 51 64 181 139 21 72 104 171

91 59 174 52 15 146 22 39 5 151 110

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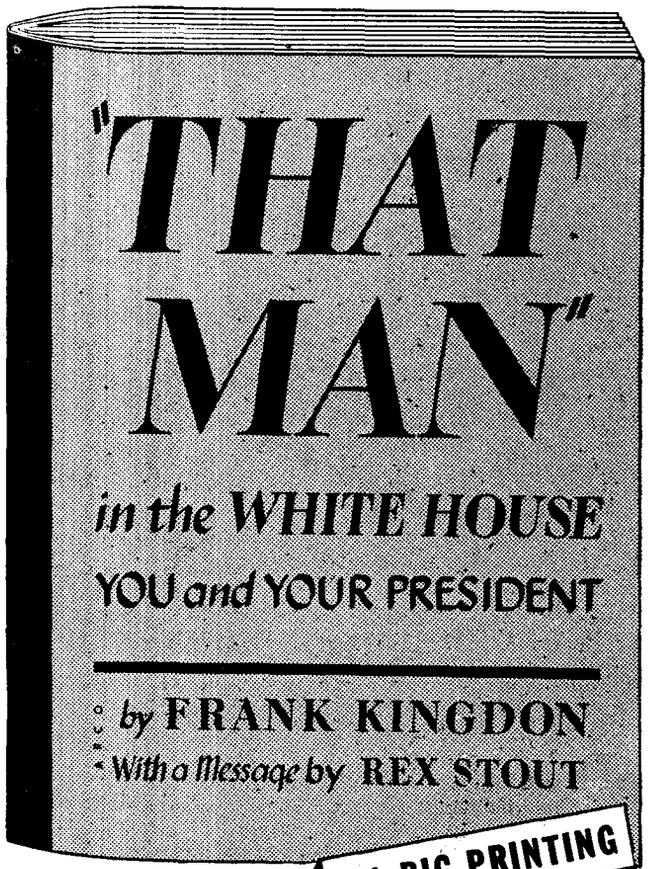

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